

WHEN READ, PLEASE PASS TO A FRIEND.

# THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

## MARYKNOLL

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*Omnia Cooperantur*  
*in Bonum : : :*



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*God All Things Work*  
*Together for Good.*

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DEPARTURES OF MISSIONERS—four, Sept. 8, 1918; three, Sept. 8, 1919; six, Sept. 8, 1920.

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If everyone acquits himself  
of his task as it behooves him,  
the missionaries abroad and the  
faithful at home, we may  
cherish the hope of seeing the  
sacred missions reviving from  
the wounds and the ruin of  
the war. While the Lord's  
voice urges us as it once urged  
Peter, "Launch out into the  
deep" (Luke v, 4), the fire of  
paternal charity presses us to  
drive into the Lord's embrace  
innumerable men.

—Pope Benedict XV.

\* \*  
"For you are bought with a  
great price."—1 Cor. vi. 20.

SOME one tells us that the  
amount contributed for a lit-  
tle over two short months' elec-  
tionering was more than twenty-  
five times the amount contributed  
by all the Catholics of the United  
States in one year for the con-  
version of pagans.

Political principles are often  
but temporary and will be dis-  
carded in time for others. Our  
Faith is eternal. Its principles  
were conceived in the mind of  
God and as such cannot pass away.  
One dollar contributed to for-  
ward these principles will be doing  
active work and bringing forth  
positive spiritual results centuries  
after the questions which seem so  
burning today are as dry as the  
dust of Nineveh. There never  
was a time more crucial than the  
present for American Catholics  
to prove that they are as alive to  
the needs of their Faith in pagan  
lands as the children of the world  
are alive to their opportunities  
here and abroad.

\* \*

THE report of Monsignor  
Dunn as New York Director  
of the Propagation of the Faith  
shows a total of gross receipts  
amounting to \$314,734.61.

It is a splendid return and  
proves effectively that persever-  
ing zeal and intelligent apprecia-  
tion of the value of publicity on  
the part of the priest will prepare  
the hearts of the faithful for a  
generous response to the call from  
fields afar.

Almost \$50,000 of the aggre-  
gate were received from perpetual  
memberships in favor of the liv-  
ing or the dead. Catholic faith and  
Catholic charity meet finely in the  
Catholic soul.

\* \*  
THANKS to the American  
hierarchy, a great step for-  
ward has been made in the presen-  
tation of genuine and readable  
news to the Catholic public. The  
Press Department, under Bishop  
Russell, is proving a strong right  
hand to the National Welfare  
Council and today when we take  
up a Catholic paper in any section  
of this great country we are almost  
sure to find something under the  
initials, N. C. W. C.—and that  
something is usually worth while.

The interest and genuineness of  
these contributions are heartening  
local editors quite as much as they  
are appealing to the readers, and  
a marked improvement all along  
the line of Catholic publication is  
the gratifying result.

\* \*  
WE are always in danger of  
falling into the attitude of  
pure philanthropy in aiding for-  
eign missions. The supernatural,

ITS TENTH AND TIN ANNIVERSARY

the most important part, is liable to be forgotten, and when this happens there is no merit for ourselves, because we only satisfy our higher human sentiments. The gift of the millionaire, inspired by motives purely philanthropic, cannot compare in effect with the prayer of one child aroused by spiritual motives.

Even mission Societies, ours among them, experience this danger because of extreme material needs before any seemingly effective work can be started.

We earnestly request prayers and other sanctified cooperation, such as the patient bearing of trials, and acts of self-denial. These will not only help our work, but will redound to the spiritual progress of those who offer them.

✠ ✠

**E**UROPEAN visitors to Maryknoll are struck by the fact that almost a score of nationalities can be found represented in its ranks, and that there has never been the slightest friction as a result of this union.

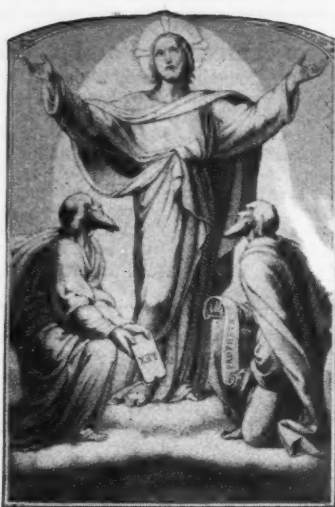
Why? Because with Maryknoll it is "*seek ye first the Kingdom of God.*" Nationality has its value and its place, but God and the saving of souls come first.

We are glad to record the following lines from a distinguished member of the Brothers of Mary:

What pleases me most is the genuine Catholic spirit that you are giving your work. You go, first of all and last of all, as Catholics, setting aside the accidents of birth. In my passage through the Orient some years ago I felt how little we Catholics of the States counted for in those regions. I thank God that he has deigned to bless our country with an institution like yours, and that He may bless you and yours most abundantly is my wish and prayer.

✠ ✠

**W**E doubt if there is a reader of THE FIELD AFAR whose heart does not beat in sympathy with Ireland in her struggle for liberty. One of our readers is, in fact, so deeply interested in this burning issue that he chided us recently for mentioning as a visitor to Maryknoll a certain *Captain C*—of the British forces.



"And a voice came out of the cloud, saying: This is My beloved Son, hear ye Him."—Luke IX, 35.

(The said Capt. C—, by the way, has suffered not a little for his espousal of Erin's cause.)

But this only in passing. The point we would emphasize is that, in the story of the mighty effort that is calling today for Irish brains and Irish brawn and Irish blood, we rarely note a reference to the Apostle of Ireland, or hear of prayers being offered through the intercession of St. Patrick for the Cause.

This is the month of St. Patrick. Let it mark a renewal of devotion to him—and who knows? The result may be that the mists will scatter, and the cause of the Island of Saints stand out so clear that even its persecutors will be forced to see what is right and just.

✠ ✠

The Pittsburgh Diocese Missionary Aid Society has come forward again with its yearly allotment to Maryknoll.

This time it is the splendid sum of three thousand dollars—to which Fr. Danner, the Diocesan Director, adds one thousand more for the Pittsburgh Diocese Burse.

A Founder many times over has the Pittsburgh Diocese been to Maryknoll, and the American Foreign Missions are indeed grateful for its inspiring generosity.

**E**VERYBODY who knows the Chinese conditions, actually existing in their country is inclined to say—*Poor old China!* China is, in fact, often called the country of ten thousand calamities and some that have recently been falling upon the people in a downpour are famine, brigandage, and civil war.

Things could hardly be worse than they are today; but tomorrow, when the present generation of students gets started, sympathy for "poor old China" may change to cautious inquiries about "fresh young China." We were interested in a recent statement by one of our friends in the heart of that suffering land, who sees more danger from the arrogant young students of Confucius than from the younger generation of the Mikado's subjects in Japan.

This much is certain, that China and Japan are undergoing a radical process of change and *this is the time* to let in a flood of light from the revelation of Christ. Tomorrow will be too late.

✠ ✠

**M**ANY of our readers have bidden farewell to student days, that are now recalled as a period marked by vivid incidents and by decisions of life-long importance.

The student world is a distinct one with spheres of interest peculiar to itself and an environment of its own. The students are reached best when these special conditions are reckoned with, and we note with satisfaction the widening effort to call mission work to the attention of the million and more school or college going Catholics in America.

That this movement is constantly growing, Maryknoll can testify. Some eight of our burses, complete or in formation, have been built in great part by student bodies. Several of our catechists in the mission field get their monthly allowance from societies in colleges and academies. But of far deeper significance, even, are

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the letters, becoming more and more frequent, bearing witness that "the undersigned is secretary of" a local college mission unit or mission circle.

\* \*

SIX years of blood and strife, with staggering cost in men and money, have shadowed the minds of men, if the written and spoken word be any index. Newspapers and magazines are filled with pessimism. Everywhere the question, *What ails the world?* is gaining insistence as the many solutions propounded fail to satisfy.

Catholics, embraced in the motherly fold of the Church, know definitely the one remedy for dispirited mankind, the gospel of cheerfulness, which is the Gospel of Christ. But we earnestly believe that the antidote for many present-day ills lies within the individual. We who are endlessly discoursing on what is wrong with the world have neglected to look within ourselves for the solution, mindful that the ills of the world are *our* ills, that they have their source in *us*, that *we are the world*. Public discontent springs from the individuals forming the public. It is high time men should awake to this simple truth and cast forth the unclean spirit of soul-weariness, allowing cheerfulness and lively hope to enter. Concern for less fortunate brethren will give us a fine start. Try it.

\* \*

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**Passing Notes.**

MARYKNOLL is happy in the selection of one of its staunch friends, the Rt. Rev. William D. Hickey, as Vicar-General of Cincinnati.

"You will be surprised," writes a traveling friend from Assisi in Italy, "to know that I found THE FIELD AFAR at this hotel—and you can imagine my joy!"

If we get many more shares of stock in a certain Press Association that has not paid dividends since 1911, we shall be tempted to think of opening a Catholic Mission Emporium one of these days, in a great city not far away.

In the *Tableaux Vivants* of the Manhattanville Alumnae Association, held recently at the Waldorf-Astoria, Maryknoll had its special place.

One of the tableaux represented women of the Occident presenting the Cross to women of the Orient, and it symbolized the functioning of the Alumnae's bursae at Maryknoll, which renders possible the preparation and departure of present-day apostles for missions in the Far East.

American Foreign Missions have not yet been recognized by our statisticians in China, probably because Maryknollers are in no hurry to assume the full responsibility of a vicariate, but it might be well to mention as an historical record the arrival of new Societies, as also of American groups from the older Societies.

**ANNOUNCEMENT**

The Rev. John E. Morris, of Fall River, has arrived at Maryknoll to share with the American Foreign Missions the burden and responsibilities which its rapid development has occasioned. Father Morris has been ordained six years and is an alumnus of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

He has been released for work at Maryknoll through the kindness of Bishop Feehan, a staunch friend of the missions. All friends of Maryknoll will join in welcome to its latest priest.

Read this and smile—if you don't get angry:

A poor old woman of Santiago said to one of the priests, "I want a nice mansion in heaven. How can I get it?" "You can have one for 30,000 pesos," was his reply. By the most rigid self-denial she was able to hand over to the priest the 30,000 pesos at the time of her death.

This is the kind of thing which the *Missionary Review of the World*, a respectable-looking Protestant mission magazine, feels itself obliged to publish to keep up its circulation.

Bishop Russell, chairman of the Press Department, N. C. W. C.—which stands for *National Catholic Welfare Council* (watch it!)—has selected March as the National Catholic Press Month, and recommends to the faithful prayers for the success of this form of apostolate. Sermons will be preached all over the country during the month, on the importance of the Catholic press, and a pamphlet entitled, *Catholics! Do You Know?* will sound the call of Our Holy Father and the bishops to the laity of America.

A speaker in Philadelphia recently attributed the skepticism which he found in China to the inconsistencies of Christian nations, "not only in prosecuting the war, but in the individual treatment of official enemies all over the world."

The Chinese, according to this speaker, have been looking to England and America as examples of Christian Faith and have become much disillusioned by the treatment of Germany by England.

The speaker was the Rev. Gilbert Reed of the International Institute of China, and he was talking to Presbyterians of Philadelphia. In closing, he said:

There was one exception to this un-Christian spirit in China during the war, and this was among the adherents of the Catholic Church. I must admit that these people, separated from me along denominational lines, were the one argument that Christianity could point to during the world-wide hostilities. While ill-feeling and hatred

abounded in China, the German, French and Dutch Catholic bishops assembled in Peking and consulted as to the best method of establishing goodwill among the people of all races. To this end they had special services conducted and celebrated Mass in their own cathedrals.

The creation, by the American hierarchy, of a Department of Missions, Home and Foreign, has inspired an article on *Catholic Missionary Literature* by the Rev. J. B. Culemans, of Moline, Illinois.

We quote a section which will be read with interest by our many missionary readers:

There is no lack of material. It needs only to be coordinated and used with skill and vigor to make a wide, insistent, and vigorous appeal. Hard and fast rules as to method and subject matter there are none. But some of the factors that will make for success in this field can be readily pointed out.

The chronicling of events in an attractive style would seem to be the first requisite. There is a spirit of daring animating our missionaries as they go forth merry-hearted from home and kindred for the Saviour's sake. It is the spirit of true romance, that does not question too closely nor scrutinize too minutely what the future has in store. What is novel to them at first in the language and customs of the people, the geography, the animal and plant life of the country, soon becomes commonplace. Then they are apt to imagining that all these things do not interest the stay-at-homes any more than they do them. Yet such matters make a peculiar intimate appeal to relatives and friends, to well-wishers and supporters of their cause and their work. Our missionaries, of all men, have it in their power to increase their own ranks, and to obtain the necessary funds for their labor, by graphic descriptions of what they see and hear and do.

#### OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT— THE EPOCH-MAKER

This book records the travels and notes of the Superior of Maryknoll, who has prepared for the Catholics of America the first book of its kind in the English language.

The book itself is worth more than the price asked. Its cover design is most attractive—red cloth stamped in gold and black. Its 320 pages are clearly printed and it has no less than 82 pages of illustrations.

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Address The Field Afar Office

#### Fr. Wiseman Writes.



HERE we are at Kochow, and our trip from Maryknoll - in - China is over. We first set foot on Chinese soil when we landed at Shanghai on

October 19. As the boat was nearing the dock, we looked for Ignatius Tsu and were nearly losing our eyesight when a Chinese gentleman looked up and said, "Tsu," and pointed to a short individual who was shaking hands with himself and incidentally welcoming us. Fr. Donovan and I were the first to disembark and we soon found ourselves bowing in harmony with a delegation of Tsus and Los. We were getting along famously (as we thought) until an English gentleman approached us and said: "Pardon me, but are you American missionaries?"

"I am afraid you are not looking for us," I answered. "We are Catholic priests."

"You are the very ones we want," he said, as he smiled. They were Messrs. Feeley and Norman, and began immediately to lay before us the plans made for our entertainment. We were to put up with the Marists, have "tiffin" here, "chow" there, and auto all around. The Los and Tsus looked bewildered, for they also had plans, and so we compromised by going to Lo's that evening for a Chinese banquet.

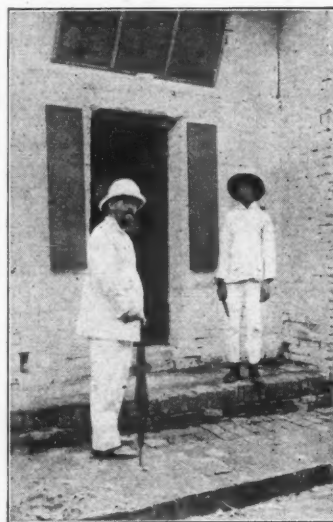
You know what a Chinese banquet is. Suffice it to say we sat down at 7:30 p. m., and rose from table under protest at 9:30 p. m. It was course after course, each one more mysterious than the one before. The only one that proved anywhere near disastrous was the sharks' fins, and Fr. Dietz reported to us two days later that they were still sticking into the wall of his stomach.

The next day saw us speeding through Shanghai in autos owned by Messrs. Feeley and Norman. We went first to Sicawei, the Jesuit place, and met Fr. Kennelly, S. J., who gave us considerable of his valuable time. The work in the orphanage certainly made us sit up and take notice.

We "tiffined" with Messrs. Norman, Feeley, and Brother Faust at Hotel Kalee, and after tiffin we proceeded to see Shanghai some more. The banquet came in the evening at Hotel Kalee, and there we met two Americans, Mr. MacDonnell, a friend of Archbishop Hanna and the Maryknoll Superior, and Mr. Doyle, once of St. John's Preparatory College, Danvers, Mass.

Thursday night, our English-speaking friends were again our hosts at a Japanese supper. We prepared well for this by changing our socks because we were informed that our shoes would not be allowed upstairs.

Friday morning at six bells, we steamed out of Shanghai en route for Hongkong, and arrived Sunday night. Fr. Vogel was the first we spied. He was followed



FR. O'SHEA and AH HAWK  
At the Orphanage Door, Kochow.

I F Y O U L I K E U S W E L L E N O U G H

closely by Fr. O'Shea, whose head was covered by a large white helmet and his face by a grisly beard. I would not venture to say what color the beard is, but daylight revealed three prominent shades—black, red, and white mingled promiscuously. Then came Frs. McShane, Ford, and Walsh, and, with the exception of Fr. Meyer, who remained at Loting to complete Fr. McShane's house, the Maryknoll reunion in China was complete.

We spent the next few days seeing Hongkong. The war was still going on when we reached Canton, but stopped a few days later—*post hoc, propter hoc*, if you will. Fr. McKenna declared it was the second war he stopped, for was he not in France only ten days when the great World War came to a close? It does not take long to see Canton, but I suggest that the next group be supplied with gas masks to protect them against the smells. An event in Canton was the supper we had at Hotel Asia, at which a young American, Mr. Fisher, of Tuckahoe, N. Y., was our host.

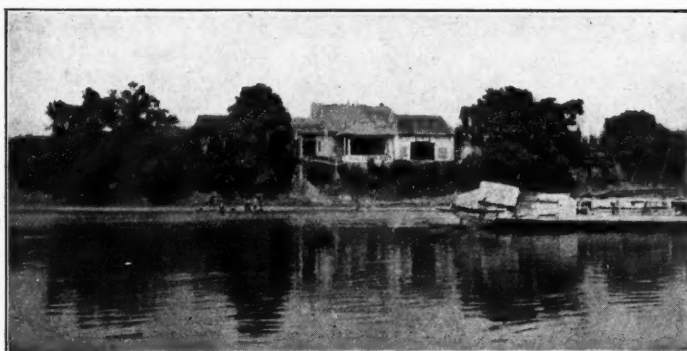
On Nov. 6, we boarded a Chinese junk en route for Shuitung and Kochow. Frs. O'Shea, Donovan, and I were the party. The junk is rightly named. We had a cabin to ourselves; i. e., no human beings occupied it with us; but we had as our companions spiders, cockroaches, and ants galore. There was nothing on the top deck, and consequently it made a fine place to sit down and enjoy the breezes. Our cook was Fr. Walsh's boy, Ah Hawk, whom Fr. O'Shea insisted is "dead from the neck up," but, as a cook, he is the "real goods" and what care we if he can't read characters?

We arrived at Pakhai about 7 p. m. Sunday night in the harbor, we heard the sound of men's voices singing, "In the evening by the moonlight"—whereupon, our "Cap" (Fr. O'Shea) cried out, "Ship ahoy! Americans!"

About a half hour later, the Captain of the English boat, for

such it was, came over to the junk in a sampan and invited us on board his good ship, "Moorhen". He asked us to "chow," and we did not refuse, although an hour before we had partaken of canned beans, bread, and coffee. We ate as if we hadn't seen food for a month. The captain was a regular fellow. I honestly think one could talk Irish Independence with him and have him agree on it. At 9 o'clock, the whistle of our steamer blew, and we said, "Au revoir."

The junk arrived at Kongmoon about 10 p. m. that night, and we were held up there for two days



A PAGAN TEMPLE NEAR KOCHOW  
Passed often by the Maryknoll Missioners.

while they loaded the boat as the spirit moved them—and the spirit seemed slow. The upper deck, which was first class from Canton to Kongmoon, now became third class, for they piled up on the deck empty lard pails, boxes of all kinds, and anything that had a peculiar smell. We scarcely found room for our three chairs.

Another day and night found us at Shuitung. On the way we passed Sancian Island and naturally our thoughts turned to the Apostle of the Indies, whose great ambition was to convert China, and we hoped that the "Yankee Xaviers" would prove worthy of their trust in bringing Christ to China.

We stayed over night at "our own place" in Shuitung, and the

**If any friend desires to meet the expense, for one year, of training a young apostle, the gift of two hundred and fifty dollars will meet this purpose, and the student selected will gladly remember the spiritual needs of his benefactors.**

next morning at 8 o'clock we set out for Kochow, a distance of about thirty miles. The coolies refused to make the trip in one day owing to the weight of the baggage, and incidentally to our own weight, because we had to be carried in chairs. We arrived at Sanhoi, the half way station, about three o'clock and immediately the question arose, "Where do we put up for the night?"

Fr. O'Shea sent Ah Hawk looking for a place, and in about ten minutes he returned to announce the fact that he had discovered suitable quarters. Fr. O'Shea wanted to see for himself, and he followed the boy to the lodging place—a temple. He said it was funny to see the boy use all his Chinese manners in bowing and smiling to win over the city fathers to give us the temple, but he won. We entered the temple gates in style, as an admiring populace looked on, and there we bunked. We were down stairs in good quarters and above us were the pagan gods sitting alone for their own edification, for no one could call and see them, as there were no stairs, but only a sad looking ladder minus a few steps.

The next morning, we said

JOIN US FOR LIFE — AND FOR ETERNITY.



Mass in our commodious apartments, and at six o'clock were again on the road for Kochow. The country seemed barren, in many places more barren than the plains of Arizona, which we shall never forget. We reached Kochow shortly after noon and bravely marched up to the gate of the town, only to find it was barred against us and, looking up on the walls, we beheld armed soldiers with their guns pointing in all directions.

A Christian rattled off some Chinese to Fr. O'Shea, and we followed him to another gate, which was likewise barred and guarded. On the walls here the soldiers were resting on their guns at perfect ease. We sat aside on logs while the Christian went in to confer with the catechist, Yip, who, in turn, had to see the "lord mayor" of the town, the mandarin. It was tiresome waiting, and Fr. O'Shea was getting impatient. He advanced toward the gate, peeked in, and with fire in his eyes, our brave "Cap" burst forth in Chinese eloquence, the like of which we had never heard before. With gestures and noise, he demanded that the soldiers open the doors and let the American priests in, and when his phillipic was over the gates swung ajar and we marched in like conquering heroes.

Just inside the gate, our reverend and revered "Cap" bellowed once more and with a mad gesture told the coolies to hurry through the portals with our honorable baggage. In a few minutes we were quietly settled in our Kochow mission, although the entrance had been stormy. Just what they are fighting about, I don't know, and I believe the people themselves don't know. Today, Fr. O'Shea had two of the civil officials call to ask his advice on the entire situation. He says himself he talked all around the subject.

**A good Lent makes a happy Pasch.  
Retrench on the luxuries, and offer  
to God's work what you save.**

*At present the Catholic University in Tokyo, which is under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers, is in danger of losing its charter and the right to give degrees. The Japanese Government has passed a law, resembling laws existing in many of our states, requiring all private universities, whether conducted by Japanese, Protestants or Catholics, to be endowed. This law has not been passed through any hostility to Catholic education. I trust that this noble work of giving a higher Catholic education to the Japanese; this work of educating Catholic laymen, professional men and candidates for the priesthood in Japan; this work which fills the most acute need of the Catholic Church in Japan today; this work on the success of which the future standing and spread of the church in the Japanese Empire greatly depends; this work which was inaugurated by Pope Pius X in 1907—shall not fail in purpose through lack of American generosity and American gratitude to see the project finished.* —Cardinal Gibbons.

#### IN PRINT.

An interesting pamphlet in English has been published by Fr. Drouart de Lezey of Tokyo on the *Koyama Leper Hospital*, a work of which he has charge.

*Some Aspects of Chinese Life and Thought* is the title of a little volume of lectures delivered at the Peking Language School. The volume contains a lecture by Fr. Ph. Clement, C.M., on *The Catholic Church in China*. It is published by the Kwang Hsueh Publishing House.

*Who's Who* of the Chinese in New York is a little volume of about 150 pages that is decidedly interesting to anyone who, like ourselves, can find the promise of great good in Asiatics as in other peoples whom God has made.

The book gives short biographies of the better known Chinese resident in New York. It has, of course, a purpose. The writer, Mr. Van Norden, is opposed to the importation of "coolie" labor, i. e., of the lowest type of working classes, but, realizing the needs of America, he pleads to allow entrance to the United States of expert intensive farmers.

#### Fr. Meyer at the Pen.



WHEN Fr. McShane was told that he was to take care of Loting during the coming year, there at once came up the question of how he was to get his baggage to the place of his new abode. Having no airplane and the railroad not yet being in running order, he had a choice of two routes: one, of four days over the mountains by coolie; the other, by coolie, by ox-cart, by boat, and whatnot, down to the sea, over to Canton and up the West River, with a final dash of four days up the Loting River to his destination.

The longer route, by reason of its being mostly water, would be somewhat cheaper,—not cheap, only cheaper, as we shall see, but would take much longer, and, on account of the many changes to be made, would be a great deal more troublesome. On the other hand, we had been told that to go over the mountains would be an awful grind.

I had decided on the overland route for myself because I wanted to see the new house there in anticipation of having to duplicate it at Shuitung. Then came the break between Kwangtung and Kwangsi, beginning by the fighting around Swatow, in which the former forces were victorious. The boats from Shuitung grew more erratic than ever, and there was prospect of one's being held up indefinitely, if he ventured to make the attempt to go that way. The soldiers of China have a pleasant custom of commandeering every boat in sight whenever any trouble arises—or even if there is no trouble, if they wish to transport troops, so whenever something seems to be in the wind all the little steam launches develop trouble that necessitates their going into dry dock, or hide in



some out-of-the-way anchorage until the danger is past. I don't suppose they would mind loaning their boats so much, if it were not for the fact that the military is very likely to forget to give them back, or to strand them somewhere up country and leave it to the owner to get them back as best he can.

Still Fr. McShane hesitated as to whether it would be best to venture the overland route or not. We kept asking the boys to get information regarding the Shuitung boat and it came about like this: Sept. 1, boat not running; Sept. 2, a. m. boat running; Sept. 2, p. m. no boat; Sept. 3, not certain; Sept. 4, boat not running, commandeered; and so it went on. A day or two later came a jubilant note from Fr. O'Shea, who was very anxious to have company on his way to Canton, that his mail had come through, hence there must have been a boat, but that held no promise for the future. You settle on nothing as a certainty in China until you can say, on your own or other unimpeachable authority, "It happened." "It surely will happen" doesn't mean anything here.

About September 15 a squad of Kwangsi soldiers, estimated to be about two thousand, crossed the border near Tungchan, and at once the whole region was panic-stricken, particularly the wealthy. What had they come over for? Were they planning to make a last stand at Kochow? Would this valley see a repetition of what happened three years ago on the occasion of the fighting between North and South, when Yeung-kong was sacked twice by the opposing armies, and Fr. Baldit's house and chapel at Tungchan absolutely stripped, not to speak of the pillaging done in every village and market-town through which the soldiers passed?

The news did not disturb the poor much, as they have little to lose; but the rich began fleeing in every direction and the chair coolies tripled their rates. Merchants

came to the chapel to ask permission to hide possessions—"only a few pounds of their best silks," "some of their goods," etc., etc., while a few presumed on closer friendship to ask refuge for themselves and families in case of trouble.

To add to the confusion, the sea-pirates of Tinpak, much more feared than the ordinary brigands of the mountains, had been growing constantly bolder and penetrated inland to within less than a day's journey of Kochow. This region, like most of Kwangtung, has been in the hands of the Kwangsi people, who, called in three years ago to drive out the Northerners, found conditions so much to their liking that they continued to rule the Province, and it is only now that a serious effort is being made to drive them out.

At this moment the inhabitants of Loting are in trepidation, their garrison having been very much reduced, while a great band of robbers is operating between here and the West River, and it is feared they may be emboldened by the prospect of rich booty to make the attempt to enter the city. A

**Wanted—A house in the City of New York, to be used as a Maryknoll Procure.**

Western city, facing such a danger, would be drilling its inhabitants, but there is none of that here. Outside of the military, all precautions seem to consist in hiding valuables and in strengthening doors and gates.

Our valley breathed easier when it learned that the Kwangsi soldiers had crossed over directly to Shuitung to take boat for Canton. They passed within a short distance of the robbers operating below Kochow but did not interfere with them in the least.

One can go down the Kochow River to Kwangchowwan and take a French boat from there to Hongkong, but for a large amount of baggage the cost would be prohibitive, and the presence of the pirates along the lower part of the river made that entirely out of the question, even as an alternative. So it was quickly settled that Fr. McShane should pack his stuff in baskets, forty-five pounds in each, to be carried by a dozen men, each balancing two baskets swung from the pole over his shoulder, for a



THE QUIET WATERS OF CANTON  
*Where Maryknollers come occasionally to do shopping.*

S E C U R E S A P E R P E T U A L M E M B E R S H I P .

little less than five cents a pound, U. S. money. If we had the same Parcel Post rate as at home, he could have sent it that way I suppose, but we haven't.

One of my catechists very considerably waited until the day before I should start to tell me of a boy, ten miles off in another direction, who had been sick for a month! I suppose he wanted to be sure to come after me before I should leave; at any rate, that is the only explanation I can give of his very carefully inquiring, a week before, the exact date of our departure, without, however, mentioning a word about the condition of the boy. There was only one thing to do. I gathered together hurriedly what I could think of for the trip to Canton, shoved vestments, sacred vessels, etc., into trunks where they could be put under lock and key, and hurried off to meet Fr. McShane later.

I did what I could for the boy, then hurried fifteen miles over to the mountains to the village where I was to hear confessions. Before starting I was casually informed that there was another Christian on the way, who had not eaten anything for some days and was pretty weak; perhaps it would be well to anoint him! The next morning after Mass and breakfast we went out on the main road and

**Every remittance received at Maryknoll is acknowledged with the least possible delay. We have, however, no special delivery here, and only two mails a day. Allow a reasonable time for your acknowledgment to reach you:—from New York, for example, the third or fourth day, longer if a Sunday or holyday, of obligation intervenes; from San Francisco, two weeks. Then drop us a line of inquiry if you have received no reply. We regret to bother you, but we are experiencing, as too many others are today, the inefficiency of the United States Mail Service.**



A RICE-PADDY DYKE  
*The ordinary highway in China*

Fr. McShane's caravan joined us a little later.

To Waichung, our first day, was the easiest, and, except for being footsore the previous day, I enjoyed it. We put up in the chapel, a converted, or unconverted, shop, as you will. It was formerly a shop, and to make it a chapel nothing has been done but drive out the tenant and fasten up a picture of St. Anne and the Blessed Virgin with the ubiquitous big black characters on red paper, "No beginning, no end, true God and Lord."

It was a little warm and the place was poorly ventilated, but we had privacy, which is so hard to get when one travels here, and the lack of which is one of the greatest hardships we find. All through our district, wherever a missionary in his travels may have to spend a night, we are hoping to have a hostel, no matter how poor, where a man can feel at home after a hard day's journey, and free from the annoyance of so many curious eyes, however friendly they may be.

Fr. McShane took no chair from Tungchan, as their prices were exorbitant and the Tungchan bear-

ers are not very competent. We had ordered one through a catechist a day further on, but the next day was to be a hard one so it was considered best to get a chair at Waiheung if the price were reasonable.

It proved to be so, and the next morning just at daylight we set off at a fast pace, two stalwart chairmen leading, in order to be as far on our way as possible before the day should grow warm.

We had crossed one mountain already, but this lap would take us over the highest peaks of the trip. The first was not so high, though the coolies were very glad when they had climbed the hundred or more steps, besides the inclines, and deposited their burdens at the little tea-house on the summit for a well-earned rest. On the other side the road descended so precipitously for some distance that a slip would have sent one rolling to the bottom; then it was comparatively level for some distance along the sides of deep gorges where tiny rice-patches on terraces climbed almost to the top.

Two hours more, more or less up and down, brought us out into a little valley, entirely surrounded by tall mountains except where the stream we had been following for some time cut through. Here, at a market of less than half a dozen shops, we rested before beginning the ascent of "Apostasy Peak," the highest peak to be crossed on the whole route. I have not been able to find the reason for such a name, but it has no relation to apostasy from the Christian faith, at least.

Right from the base the ascent was by stone steps, some of them laid, many of them cut. The entire ascent, however, is not by steps, much of it not being so steep as to render them necessary, but it is fatiguing enough nevertheless, and how the bearers grunted, Chinese fashion, whenever they had to drag themselves, weighing almost twice as much as usual, up a particularly steep place! It took us about an hour

to reach the little tea house set in a narrow cut at the summit, where the wind blew gratefully cool and refreshing. The bearers took big bowls of hot tea, which we did not hesitate to share with them, as we have found it stimulating and refreshing when one is exhausted. Personally, nothing refreshes me more after a hard journey than a bowl of rather weak tea with a plentiful helping of evaporated milk. Hot "chuck," the rice gruel of the Chinese, is also very good.

"Where is Kwaitz?" we asked, as that was to be our next stopping-place.

"O, just down the mountain and around behind that foothill there." As a matter of fact, it took about three hours longer to get there, and we were constantly on the look-out to see the market appear as we rounded a bend, and just as constantly disappointed.

Finally, we got down into the valley of a small river which we followed for more than a mile—then, as we came over a little rise of ground in the hot, sandy plain, we were right upon the village with its two-score or so of straggling shops and its single street. The catechist was out to meet us and we tramped with him the length of the narrow street, while many curious and some, as we learned later on, not very friendly eyes regarded us closely.

The accommodations of Kwaitz had gotten such a bad name from the two experiences there of Frs. Gauthier and Walsh who were forced to spend a night in the public inn, or rather, stable, that I was curious to know what the catechist might have been able to secure for us. But I knew that, no matter how poor it might be, we could at least lock the door against the curious and probably get more or less away from the noise of talking and gambling well into the night.

He led us the length of the street and turned in at the last door, just inside the rude gate of the market-place. My heart

dropped a beat when I saw the dirty, dingy room, and the dark chasm beyond that meant kitchen, piggery, and such.

But this, although a rented Maryknoll establishment, was not for us. We followed our guide up a flight of movable and moving steps, bumped our heads on the beam at the top, and stumbled into the chapel. It was hard to believe that this "cubbyhole" could be it; but the two kneeling benches, and the table for an altar, and the holy picture surrounded by the big black characters on red paper, were evidence enough. A half flight more led us to a sort of loft where were stored all sorts of things, then through a five foot

door, a leap over a black chasm, up two or three steps more—and we were there.

It was a revelation, compared with what we had just come through. Such rooms, in these small towns, at least, are built only occasionally by some shopkeeper who desires something better than the usual ground floor or little attic up under a hot tile roof. This room had a floor of lime and sand concrete, laid over wood beams, and more than half of one side consisted of shuttered openings. Here we were soon at home, away from all the noise and smoke, with a restful view out over the valley and mountains beyond.



THE UBIQUITOUS TEA-HOUSE

*A welcome though not over-clean refreshment stop*

F O R 1 9 2 1 ! M A K E I T Y O U R S !



At a journey's end there is always the breviary; then, after a rest, we went out to see what our surroundings looked like. I here experienced marked unfriendliness for the first time since coming to China. It seemed to be confined to a group of students who stood in our path with arms akimbo and an ugly leer on their faces. I could hardly keep down my arm; it ached so for a healthy swing on the jaw of one of these little strut-cocks that think, because they have had a few years at school, they carry the nation's destiny on their shoulders—along with a chip.

The Japanese may be proud and arrogant, but I have been told by many that they could not well be worse than the Confucian student class of China.

I couldn't afford, however, to "start anything." Our business is to make friends, not enemies. My catechist has been here only a few months and has no catechumens as yet. But a beginning must be made and we shall be glad if the first year can only show a little prejudice broken down and a few friends made.

Later the catechist himself came in, crying vengeance and wishing me to make representations to the schoolmaster regarding the conduct of his boys. It seems that they very frankly told him we weren't wanted—at least, by themselves—and said they had three guns among them, thus intimating, I suppose, that one was for each of us and one for the catechist.

The next day was a still longer jump, and we were roused by the porters at half-past three, so as to get away at the first break of daylight. A heavy fog hung over everything and we could not see the porters, who had gone on a

few minutes before. Luckily, however, this was a main road, quite easily distinguishable, and we caught up with them at their first resting place.

We had been told that this day's journey would be seven leagues, but we did not realize that a league up here was about four miles instead of three and a third, so we were more than once disappointed when we asked if Szun, our next stop, were not quite close now.

But "all things come to an end," a bit of philosophy that did duty that day for us, and at four o'clock we pulled up at an inn in Szun, a market-town about the size of Tungchan, though the inn, luckily, was much better than that comparison would imply. We got a good room for ourselves, a comparatively large one, for twenty cents, with another for the baggage and the "boy," who should do guard duty over it.

In America a man who stayed at such a hostel might perhaps be considered to be careless of his reputation, but you know what is to be found here. Fortunately, it seems to reflect nothing on one,

but it is something that one does not care to do any oftener than is absolutely necessary.

The porters were up the next morning earlier than any previous one, and we were off long before daylight, lighted on our way by the full moon, still high in the west. The day's travel would be the longest of any, but the road was fairly good and everyone was in good spirits at the prospect of the end.

It was not long before we left the well-watered valleys, dotted with prosperous-looking villages, that lie below Szun, and came out on the broad, red, rolling plateau, fringed with mountains, in which lies Loting.

We kept pretty much on the go for nearly ten hours, with an occasional good rest of from twenty minutes to half an hour. We were very fortunate in having excellent porters and chairmen. Some following these trades are about worn out and they not infrequently spend as much as an hour at a tea house, but our porters were all healthy rice-farmers, and the chair coolies, while professionals, were two young fellows of exceptional physique. Though the combined weight of Fr. McShane and the chair must have been at least a hundred-eighty pounds, they set the pace for the rest of us all the way, and carried their load up many steep places that most of their kind would balk at.

Breakfasting at four-thirty is not conducive, for most people, at least, to a good meal. We might have dined along the way, but decided to try the method often followed by the Chinese in traveling, of taking a little at frequent intervals. Fr. McShane had coffee with malted milk in his big thermos, also bread and fruit, while I carried similar provisions in my saddle-bags. At the tea-houses there was usually plenty of rice-gruel to be had for a few cents a bowl. It was the first day we had consistently tried the method, but



UNDER THE SHADE OF THE  
OLD WHAT-IS-IT TREE

Get that CATECHIST idea! A good catechist can easily mean a hundred good converts in a year. A small parish or even a Holy Name Society can give strong help to our missionaries by the support of one catechist.



we were both much pleased with it, arriving at our destination much less fatigued than on previous days when we had allowed ourselves to go hungry and thirsty for long distances.

Some of our porters had been over the route before with Fr. Walsh and they took us directly to the shop that is at present being used for the Loting chapel. The new location is twelve minutes outside the walls of the old city, but nearer the business district. We soon found a room in the house of the catechist, set up our beds, and were at home until such time as we should have to take them down again.

#### LATER ITEMS

Readers of "Observations in the Orient" will perhaps recall a journey made by the Superior of Maryknoll to a mountain village of Tongon, in the new Maryknoll mission field. On that occasion Fr. Walsh was accompanied by a native Christian, Ah-man, who had been persecuted and had barely escaped from Tongon with his life a year before.

Ah-man announced the coming of American missionaries to his fellow Christians, and returned to live among them, sharing their labors and their poverty. Fr. Meyer, in whose district Tongon lies, now writes:

Bad news from Tongon. You remember, of course, the man (Ah-man) who conducted you around there, whose village had been destroyed by the neighbors. Just got word yesterday from his relatives that he was killed by those same people two months ago. He was the chief of the family and his enemies, persuaded that the Church was not going to protect him, could not rest until they "got him."

If we could have had a man living at Tongon this year the latest tragedy would not have taken place; or, if I could have gone there in early October, as I planned. Now, there is nothing to do but to go to the Chinese authorities and try to have the guilty parties punished.



AT KOWLOON, NOT FAR FROM A NEW MARYKNOLL

*The Procure will begin in a humble way and our Procurator has taken up his quarters at Kowloon, with the Foreign Missions of Milan, who have the spiritual direction of that section of the vineyard of Christ.*

*For a short time this active representative was keeping house and rejoicing in a four-dollar a month cook, but somebody else seems to have had a prior right to the house and our bright-eyed procurator found himself on the street. Later he was drawn into the kindly embrace of an Italian confrere, who has been his guardian and companion. We do not know what became of the cook. He is probably living on the interest of his two weeks' pay.*

*Letters and packages destined for the several Maryknoll stations may be directed to*

**THE MARYKNOLL PROCURE**  
Box 595 - Hongkong, China

*The man with the key to Box 595 wrote:*

**A**LL'S well in Hongkong, and the missionaries are beginning to get settled in their various stations.

At the present writing, Frs. Walsh and Meyer are at Canton, where the latter is awaiting a boat to take him to Tungchan. Fr. Meyer is also taking the mission boxes for Frs. McKenna, Donovan and Wiseman, who will probably receive them about the beginning of the new year. Shipped in July, arriving at mission in January, is rather slow process.

Fr. Walsh has been advised to take a little rest, and may return next week to spend some time here, as Fr. O'Shea is at Kochow, where he went to accompany Frs. Donovan and Wiseman. The three of them, with guns, protected the "polloi" of the town, against the Kwangsi soldiers, recently. Great experience for new men!

Fr. Ford is at Wuchow, Kwangsi (Fr. O'Shea's mission-to-be), where our New Yorker is interpreter between the new ones (Frs. Dietz and McKenna) and the Chinese. Fr. Ford, however, expects to return to Yeungkong.

Fr. McShane is back at Loting, and is as well as ever. Fr. Walsh accompanied him on the upward trip, to look after the baggage, and see that Fr. "Mac" was comfortably settled. We all wanted Fr. McShane to wait here at Hongkong for at least a few weeks, but the lure of the almost-finished buildings was too much for our Indiana Maryknoller, so he insisted on going "home" to Loting. This place will become "the Land of the Macks" next month, when Fr. McKenna arrives.

Frs. Vogel and Hodgins are at Yeungkong, waiting for their leader, Fr. Ford.

Personally, the grass has not grown long under my feet, and I'm trying to make the minutes count. Have begun the language study.

Maryknoll greetings to you and all Maryknolls.

Devotedly in Christ,  
ROBERT J. CAIRNS.

G I V E       T H E       F I E L D       A F A R       A       B O O S T

"Greater Love Than This—"

(Prepared for *The Field Afar*  
from the French of Msgr.  
Rossillon.)



ISTER JUSTINA was not timid by nature; yet the first time she met the leper Ramoudon an involuntary thrill crept over her and the sight of this outcast, broken down by suffering, made an impression she was never to forget.

Was it presentiment, some secret intuition? Who knows? To be vaguely conscious of fear on meeting a stranger destined to play an important part in one's life is not uncommon. Sister Justina, however, drew no prognostic, for the unexpected sight of this Hindoo might well affect anyone.

Ramoudon indeed was the type of those lepers whom the cruel selfishness of a pagan civilization for three thousand years has condemned to wander by hundreds along the roads of the Orient. They may be seen along the frequented ways stretched out in the sun, crying their needs to the passers-by, as the jackal yelps to the moon in its hunger.

Ramoudon, it is true, had not always been thus. His touching story contrasted with the usual Hindoo customs as a page of love in a poem of hatred. Chinaya, his father, a farmer of moderate means, got up one morning to find himself a leper. What had been the cause? Imprudence? Atavism? In the Orient no one knows and no one tries to know. The fact was that leprosy had seized Chinaya and he was about to be consumed by it. Seeing that he was lost, his kindred shut him up in a small hut in an open field. Ramoudon alone, among all the children, followed his father in order to minister to his last needs.

Like a wall falling to ruin, he saw his father's body crumble bit by bit. When he had neither hand nor foot, Ramoudon became

both for him and nursed him as tenderly as a mother does her child. One evening the burden of rotten flesh lay still in his arms. Chinaya was dead.

For sole inheritance, Chinaya left Ramoudon his leprosy. First came the swelling of the body, then sinister marks which darkened his features, then sores at the joints of hands and feet. Doubtless, it was the "great disease." To take care of lepers is to trifle with leprosy.

Banished in his turn from society, Ramoudon took his place at the crossroad. Seated on a little mound, a wooden bowl before him, he would try to move the passers-by to pity. But in vain; no one would listen to him; the mystical Orient has no time to interest itself in human suffering. If, in their wisdom, the gods of India had made him an ox or a sheep, compassion for his sad state would not have been wanting. As it was, he was only a man—and a leper, into the bargain. Why should anyone be moved?

Alas! To be young and devoured by leprosy! To be a beggar, an outcast! To hear, day in, day out, the fearful cry, "Tchi! tchi! Go away, damned one! touch me not!" What a lot! It was Ramoudon's.

He soon grew worse; the nose, lips, ears, and finally the eyes, fell prey to the voracious malady. Stretched out in the dust of the highway, under a blazing sun, clothed in filthy rags, Ramoudon the accursed had only horrid bleeding stumps to raise to his fellowmen while from his swollen lips came forth the hardly perceptible cry, "Pity, sirs! pity!"

In his physical and moral decline Ramoudon recalled that once a white-clad lady—a merciful goddess she seemed—had stopped to cheer him with her words and relieve his suffering with an alms. How he came to find her again matters little. But find her he did, and one day presented himself to Sister Justina to be admitted to the lepers' home.

Sister Justina was a marvel of grace. Beloved of all, she shed joy and brightness about her as the lilacs pour forth their sweet perfume. Her vocation seemed to be that of reminding men of God's goodness, and of proving it by making as little of sacrifice as does the glass-blower of fire.

Oh, the wonderful ways of God! This pure creature and Ramoudon, the being of corruption, understood each other immediately. Though damned by Indian theology, the leper thought he had found paradise in the asylum. Cleanliness and care arrested temporarily the progress of his disease. Ramoudon was happy and his soul, like a bird in a sun-lighted ruin, began to sing once more. He loved to talk, and his gentle nurse willingly discussed with him the great problem of suffering, which Hindoo philosophy boasts of having solved.

"Then I am not cursed with my leprosy?" he once ventured.

"You reason badly," the nurse replied. "Whoever put that into your head?"

"Why, everybody! When I would complain, the passersby would push me aside, saying, 'Hush! you have but what you deserve. It is your karma.'"

"Your karma? What do you mean by that?"

"The word is unknown to Europeans, but it plays the leading role in our lives. The Brahmans teach us—and we all know it—that suffering is but the consequence of our sins committed in this life or in our preceding lives."

Sister Justina smiled. "So you have lived and died several times since the beginning of the world, Ramoudon?"

"Mother, our Brahmans tell us that. As for me, I know nothing about it. I only know that I am a leper for having taken care of my father. Is that my sin?"

"Your sin? Why, that is exactly why God has loved you and has had mercy on you!"

"God has loved me!—me, a leper? Explain that to me."

"Yes, tomorrow, if you behave well."

And Sister Justina passed on to cheer other unfortunates and to relieve other sufferings.

The next day the conversation was resumed. "Well, Ramoudon, have you been good? Have you thought of God's love for you?"

"Yes, White Virgin, but my head eaten by leprosy can understand only one thing: for ten years I have lived on nothing but insult and scorn. I loved my father, but no one has ever loved me—the gods no more than others."

"You are mistaken. Listen and you will understand. Do not mind your pagan gods: you know that there is but one true God. Now then, that one and only true God has loved you a great deal. Who received you here? Who bathed your sores? Who ban-

"Well! She whom you called a goddess is only a little servant of the true God, and it is He, yes, He alone, Who received you here. So, my hand and His are but one."

"Mother!"

"I take care of you because He so desires. Otherwise, do you believe that I could have lived with the lepers for fifteen years, as I have done?"

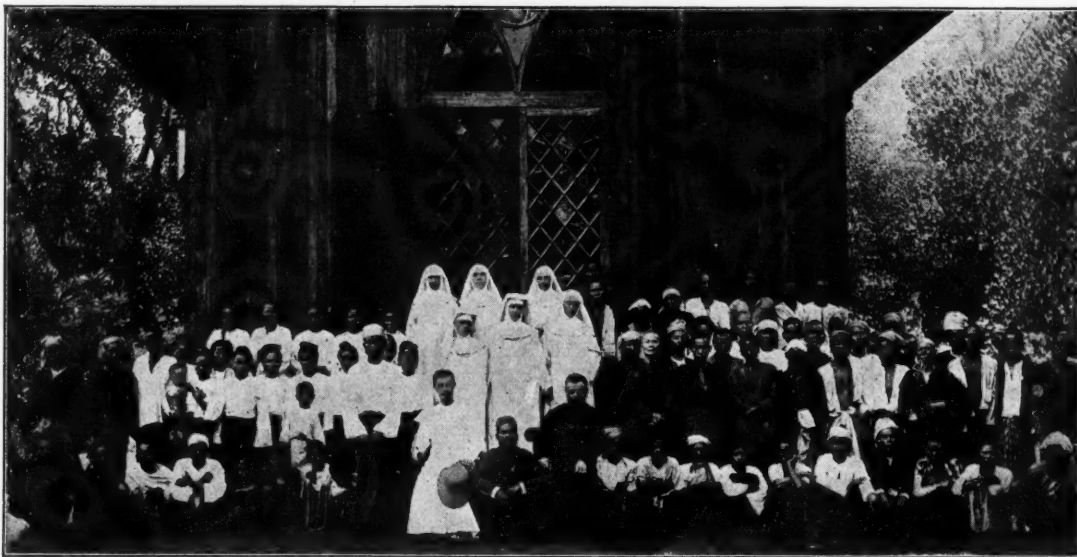
Ramoudon was bewildered. He understood only in a vague manner. The substitution was so wonderful—the union of the servant's hand with that of the Master!

"God takes care of me by the hand of a nun!" he kept repeating to himself. "Lord, Lord, what a marvel!" From that moment, every time Sister Justina dressed the lepers, Ramoudon would rivet his eyes upon her ministering hands.

And yet in that piece of living corruption dwelt a soul which was purifying itself in proportion as the walls of its prison fell away. The vase was about to break; the moment to save the precious flower it held was at hand. The cleansing water of Baptism was poured upon his brow, and Ramoudon became "Gregory," in memory of that great pontiff who had harbored Christ Himself in the person of a wretched leper. In that gruesome temple the Holy Ghost took up His dwelling. O God, what must be the value of a human soul when You descend to seek it Yourself in even a leper!

Gregory was about to die. He had one more wish, but he dared not express it, for it seemed unattainable.

Sister Justina almost immediately remarked that his happiness



FR. ALLARD, OF RANGOON, BURMA, WITH HIS LEPERS.

daged them? Who feeds you daily, and teaches you to pray?"

"You—you do, White Virgin. You are a goddess!"

"Do not say that or I will leave you. Do servants do their own will? Answer me that."

"No. Their master's, Mother."

Thanks to the care given by the kindly hands, leprosy at first seemed to give up its victim; then it seized upon him again, more voracious than ever. Ramoudon became nothing more than the frightful tattered remains of a man, a bundle of decaying flesh.

was not complete. "Gregory," she asked, "you are suffering more than usual, are you not?"

"Yes, Mother, these last few days the pain is sharper. But that is not what bothers me."

"What is it, then? Do you regret your lost hands and feet?"



"No, Mother. You promised me that God would give me beautiful ones. I have confidence in Him."

"That is right. Hope in Him, for He loves you."

"I understand that now. He has loved me indeed. But—," then Gregory was silent. He dared not speak his final desire.

Sister Justina came back to him that evening. "Now you must tell me your secret," she said, "then you will be happy. Come, now!"

The poor leper made an effort to overcome his fears, and timidly faltered, "I wish to kiss the hand of God!"

"You spoiled child! Is that what you wish? But that is impossible! When you are dead, yes—as much as you like. You will be in the arms of God then."

Gregory repeated his wish once more; then was silent. Sister Justina turned pale. She had suddenly caught the leper's meaning. Then quickly mastering her emotion, with a smile she approached the dying victim.

"So you wish to kiss the hand of God?" she asked gently.

"Yes, Mother—yours—since it is His!"

"Why did you not say so sooner? Here, kiss it and be happy!"

Gregory became animated for the last time. He still had the strength to raise his awful stumps and seize the hand which had given him such motherly care. He lifted it to his ragged lips—and left upon it the trace of his frightfulness, a streak of darkened blood. Sister Justina slipped away. That night Ramoudon died.

Two weeks later Dr. Hapgood came to visit the lepers' asylum. He found all in good order and the patients well cared for, but was told that Sister Justina was ill. A slight scratch on her right hand had for the last fifteen days taken a disquieting turn; she had a high fever. Hapgood examined her and went away frowning. Sister Justina showed signs of leprosy.

### LIGHT WANTED! — POWER NEEDED!

*Would you be interested, and perhaps astonished, to learn that it costs Maryknoll at its center just about fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500) a year to furnish light and power for the eight or nine buildings that make up this village set on a hill?*

*No, we don't intend to ask someone to pay the bill for us every year. We have another plan. Listen:*

### WE WISH TO INSTALL A DYNAMO

*And this is the reason: our first-class heating plant can furnish without extra expense for fuel or labor, steam and an operator for a dynamo. Once installed, therefore, this dynamo will give us heat and power at a negligible expense—but how can we get the dynamo?*

*We are convinced that the investment (eight thousand dollars—\$8,000) would prove "good business," but in view of present debts and of building operations in the future we cannot devote this amount even to a money-saving dynamo.*

### Will YOU provide POWER AND LIGHT FOR MARYKNOLL?

*These are symbols of what Maryknoll desires to supply to at least one portion of the heathen world.*

### The Medical Mission Idea

LAST summer a Catholic Hospital Convention was held at St. Paul, Minnesota. Among the papers read during the sessions was one that had been prepared by the Superior of Maryknoll, who wrote on the subject—

#### *The Hospital Field Afar.*

This paper\* was afterwards printed in the new and very attractive magazine of the Association, *Hospital Progress*, a copy of which eventually reached China. Fr. Meyer, in a letter from his post at Tungchan, writes:

The paper on "The Hospital Field Afar" in *Hospital Progress* should be an eye-opener as to possibilities and start some, at least, thinking along these lines. It is a branch of our work that must be pushed if we want "medical vocations". Such won't come out of the Seminary. The Protestants, I believe, are continually pushing the mission idea in medical schools. May I suggest that an occasional note in the *JUNIOR* might catch the attention of some youngsters who are looking forward to a medical career, and who, while interested in the missions, do not feel called to the priesthood.

### A MEDICAL QUERY

*Are you looking forward to the establishment of hospitals in China?*

We certainly are—but "Rome was not built in a day". We are preparing remotely, however; and before another ten years shall have passed we hope to record the start of at least half-a-dozen in as many small centers. And we shall try to equip them so as to be efficient.

Where hospitals are lacking, priests and sisters in the Far East are often confronted with cases that would tax a surgeon's skill and they make quite a reputation for themselves, winning many friends,—until a well-equipped Protestant hospital goes up, and the little Catholic dispensary tumbles down into the discard.

### Field Afar Stories

Volume One and Volume Two  
Short Stories that breathe the  
Foreign Mission Spirit  
*With Illustrations*  
Price, each, 85 cents, Postpaid

WATCH US GROW, BUT DO SOMETHING.



**Happenings On the Knoll**  
**F**EBRUARY at Maryknoll-on-Hudson was marked by the end of the first term; the annual retreat; the celebration of a double feast, Our Lady's Purification and Blessed Theophane Venard's martyrdom; and the mid-year holidays.

The double-feast day found the ground covered for the first time this winter with snow—immaculate, and symbolic of the feast itself.

Under ordinary conditions

Maryknoll is a quiet place—but during the retreat period the stillness was broken only by the occasional caw of a crow in the woods or the chirping of some snow birds. Those of our friends who like noise and cannot sleep unless the "Elevated" is running within earshot will not appreciate such stillness, but when you get used to it and have a desire to work the calm is delightful.

Would that Maryknoll could

continue tranquil! We who occupy its heights today are inclined to envy those who, tomorrow, will find its buildings all set up, vigorous, and even graying with age.

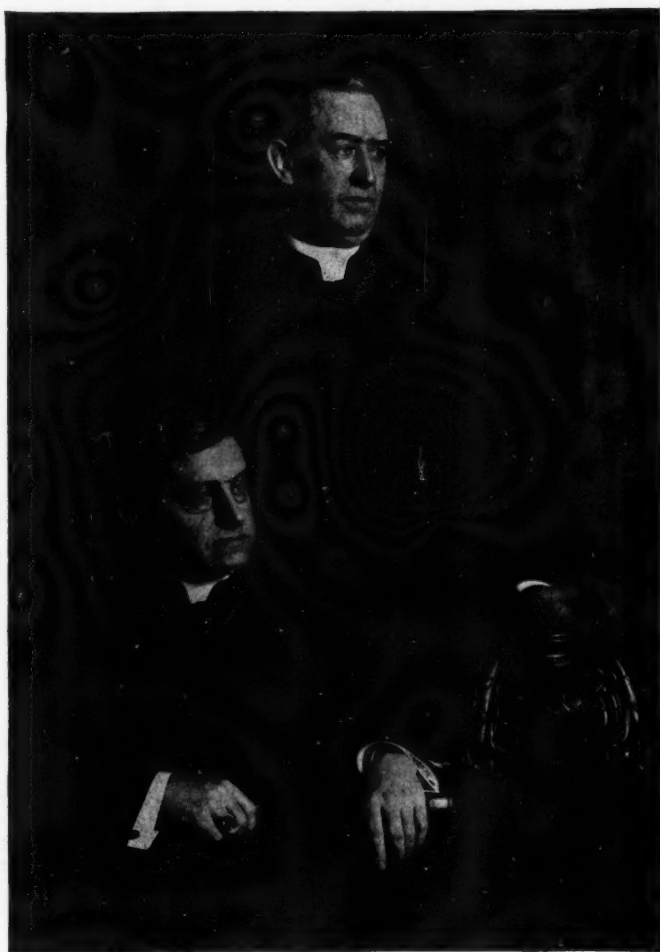
In a few months, if the big and little ships come in, our Treasurer says he will ring the gong and start the building noises again; that if he does not do this we shall burst, break, go to pieces, etc., etc. Oh, me! Oh, my! Oh, us! Oh, ours! Hasten the day, dear Treasurer,—but hasten it to the time when contractors and subcontractors will leave us smiling, expressing the hope that "everything is satisfactory", that if we "ever need their services again", etc., etc.; and when we, responding with a smile, can say aloud, "In that event, I will remember you if we are both alive", and to ourselves, "Never again for me, I hope!" There are other things that we like to see built besides material structures, however simple and beautiful.

And yet the strain of any effort is all worthwhile and necessary to produce results. We get about what we give. We draw out as much as we put in, and can usually add interest. Difficulties encountered and struggled against are invariably followed by consolations and encouragement. This is the story of all work for God—and the life of the Christian in every walk reveals the experience that "the Kingdom of Heaven is taken by violence and the violent beareth it away."

This February recorded also the end of the formal novitiate for many of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, known earlier as the *Teresians* and even yet as the *Maryknoll Sisters*.

The ceremony attending the important event of their profession took place on Tuesday, February 15, in the chapel of St. Teresa's Convent. There was no room for outside friends, much as we should have liked to have some to rejoice with us on that glad occasion.

The profession was marked with



FRIENDS AT COURT FOR THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS  
 Rt. Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., D.D., Bishop of Duluth, Minn.  
 V. Rev. Msgr. John J. Dunn, Chancellor of New York Archdiocese

SEND OUR CIRCULATION UP SOME POINTS.

absolute simplicity and was conducted by the Superior of Maryknoll, who had been delegated by the diocesan authorities to receive the first profession of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic. The Seminary supplied the music and Fr. Walsh himself preached the profession sermon.

Twenty-one sisters made their vows that day, and for many in the group it was the crowning of almost a decade of years of patient waiting and unselfish devotion. Those professed were:

Sr. Mary Joseph Rogers  
Sr. Mary Teresa Sullivan  
Sr. Mary Theophane Shea  
Sr. Anna Maria Towle  
Sr. Mary Catherine Fallon  
Sr. Mary Ambrose Crawford  
Sr. Mary Francis Davis  
Sr. Mary Agatha Davin  
Sr. Mary Anthony Conway  
Sr. Mary Rose Leifels  
Sr. Mary Patrick Maher  
Sr. Mary Elizabeth Thompson  
Sr. Mary Dolores Cruise  
Sr. Margaret Mary Slattery  
Sr. Mary Paul McKenna  
Sr. Mary Michael Conlin  
Sr. Mary Thomas Bresnahan  
Sr. Mary John Cahill  
Sr. Mary Rita Bodkin  
Sr. Mary James Rogers  
Sr. Mary Philomena Flanagan

The Maryknoll Sisters number seventy-one today and, like our students, have come from along the line from Boston to San Francisco, from Virginia to Canada, and from over both great oceans.

We are glad to see them grow, and happy to welcome each and all, because there is plenty of work for consecrated hands and active brains in the several activities of Maryknoll. But we remember reading about an excursion boat that tipped over at the dock one day because it was overcrowded, and so sometimes we wonder—not to say worry—over the approaching condition of the Maryknoll Sisters. Postulants write, present their credentials, are accepted and stowed away somewhere,—how or where no one in the other crowded establishments across the fields can ever guess. The Lord certainly cares for His own, is all we can say

when we think about this condition.

But, with the profession over, there will be an outlet, and with Maryknoll work ahead in Pennsylvania, on the Pacific Coast, and in China, the procession will soon be starting.

This suggests the idea of breathing space, but it takes no prophet to foresee that the vacant places will soon be filled. The fact is, that the Maryknoll Sisters need a good dozen of fairy godmothers, unless we can find one whose heart is large and who has the means to gratify it.

We would state here that the Maryknoll community of sisters is quite an independent organization. One of these days it will stand on its own feet. This should be realized by our friends and theirs. The Maryknoll sisters must get what is due to them, their own separate demesne; and, as we vision it, this will mean in the not far distant future an establishment large enough to hold three hundred. This is no dream. From our Knoll we can read the signs of the times, and we do not have to look further than through the daily mail.

We take this occasion, our sisters' first profession, to ask a prayer for them, that they may grow steadily in "wisdom and grace before God and man."

Your DAILY DREADFUL costs only two or three cents, the SUNDAY VOLUME only five or ten—not enough in either case to pay for the paper used. "How do they do it?" you ask. And the answer—which many of you know—is, ADVERTISEMENTS.

If you patronize, or even inquire from, any advertiser in this paper, you will do a favor to The Field Afar by referring to the source of your information.

We shall be pleased to send a rate card to any prospective advertiser, but we reserve the right to reject any and all advertisements.

With eight added pages, we will now accept a limited number of advertisements. If our advertisers continue—and the patronage of our subscribers can affect this—we can promise an even more attractive paper.

### Wanted! Rooms!

DON'T let the next page get by you! Take a good long look before you turn it. Or, if you must go through to the end, come back.

Note first, in the upper right-hand corner, the small foundation plan. Leaving out of consideration the cloister, you can trace a plan resembling the letter *H* and this will tell you what is ahead of us in the building line at Maryknoll's center.

The future entrance and chapel are shown at the right. They will not go up for the present, but *we hope to erect this year the shaded portion, A and B.*

Now look at the larger plan of this same shaded portion. It represents about one-third of the entire structure. It will be four stories high and will accommodate one hundred twenty students. Each student will have his own room—and, reckoning the cost of construction, furniture, and upkeep, we offer these rooms to our friends as *memorials, at five hundred dollars each.*

On the door panel of every room will be placed a permanent inscription, such for example, as the following:

This Room Was Given  
By John Smith  
In Memory of—  
Pray For Both

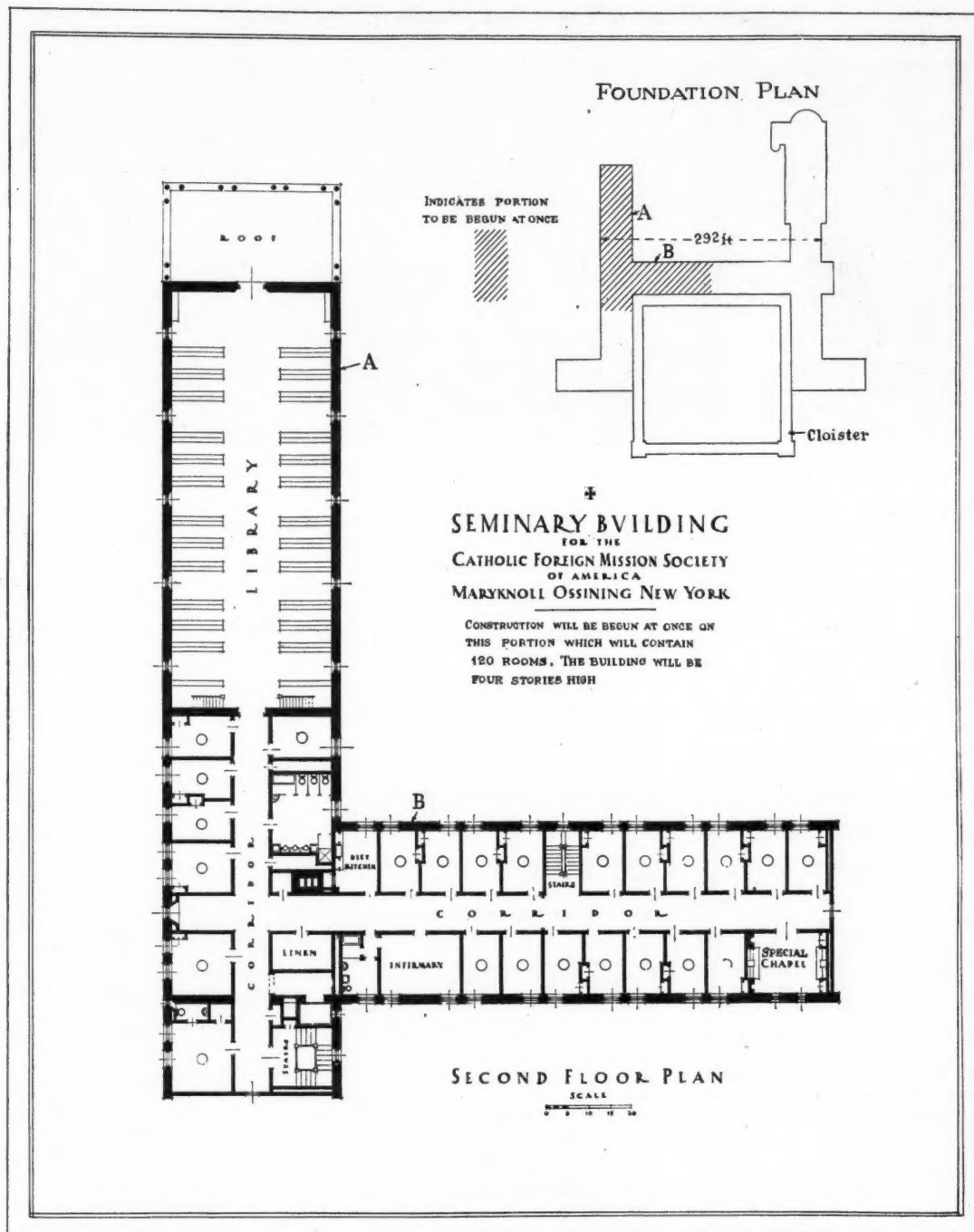
Two of these rooms are already secured, and several others reserved.

Does the idea appeal to you—as a memorial for yourself individually, or for your beloved dead?

Five hundred dollars is a generous gift, but for such a purpose it is well-placed, combining in a lasting monument the spiritual with the material.

One hundred and fifteen of these rooms are to be disposed of. They are offered to the charity of individuals or organizations. Address: The Very Rev. Superior of Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.

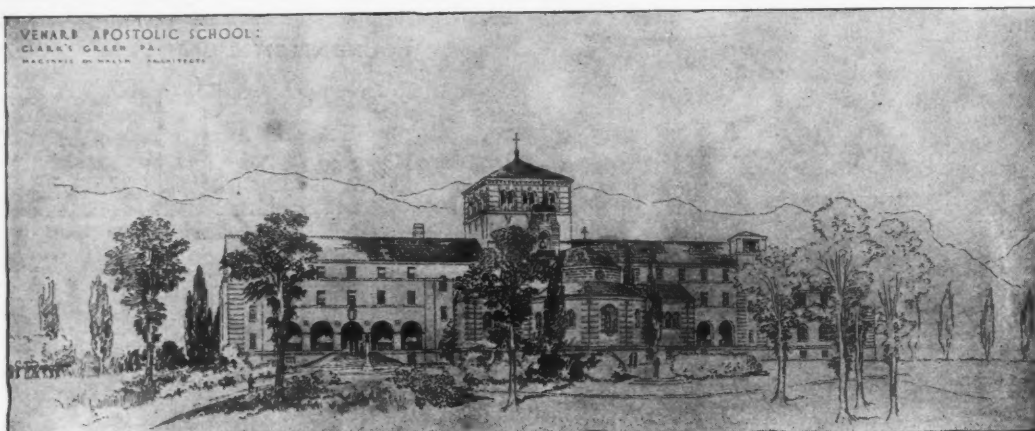
THIS PAPER EMPLOYS NO PROFESSIONAL AGENTS



(See preceding page, col. 3.)

IT DEPENDS ON YOU FOR ITS GROWTH.

## An Account of Last Year's Progress at The Venard.



WEST VIEW OF THE MARYKNOLL PREPARATORY COLLEGE, CLARK'S SUMMIT, PA.

**T**HE property of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society east of the Mississippi River is held by two Corporations, one organized under the state laws of New York, the other under those of Pennsylvania.

The Superior of Maryknoll is President of both Corporations, each of which includes also, as Honorary President, the Ordinary of the local diocese—Archbishop Hayes for New York and Bishop Hoban for Pennsylvania.

The Board in each State has a majority of priests, acting with three prominent laymen.

The fiscal year of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society closed February 1 and towards the end of that month the New York Corporation held its yearly meeting, an account of which will be given in our next issue.

The Pennsylvania Corporation met in January, as its fiscal year ends in that month, and today we present some extracts from the year's report, which is too long to reproduce in full:

**REPORT OF DIRECTORS**

Jan. 1, 1920—Jan. 1, 1921.

The keynote of developments at the Maryknoll Preparatory College during the past twelve months has been a general change from temporary to final conditions.

**The College**

After a rather slow and trying growth, arrested by strikes and held up by delayed transportation of materials, the north wing and central tower of the College building are practically finished. The south wing and the separate chapel have yet to be erected, when the growing needs of the institution demand.

The walls of this fireproof structure are of gray brick with Indiana limestone trimmings. Its dominant feature is the central tower, adapted to the practical use of a gravity-feed water-supply. The main building is four stories in height; the tower, six. On the first floor one of the future storage rooms, large and well-lighted, has been made into a temporary refectory, another and smaller room serving as breakfast-room for the faculty. A large square room, the entire width of the building and windowed the length of two opposite sides, is admirably adapted to the needs of a kitchen.

On the second floor of the main wing, the future museum and reception-room have been fitted with desks and book racks to serve as study hall and classrooms, pending the construction of the south wing. The rotunda of the second floor of the tower, well-lighted, has been converted into a temporary chapel. Pews of simple design, made by one of our auxiliary brothers, give a seating capacity of ninety.

The third floor of the wing contains two dormitories, with lockers recessed in the walls, a large washroom, and toilets. On the same floor of the tower is the infirmary.

On the fourth floor of the wing is

a single dormitory, with wash-room, etc.; while the tower floor is divided into room for the auxiliary brothers and for guests.

Above these rooms in the tower are placed two water tanks, with total capacity for 6,000 gallons. Space for a duplicate set is provided, the whole floor being carried on special supports from the foundation. Water is pumped from the artesian well to these tanks, from which supply pipes run to the power house and the convent.

The sixth floor of the tower is a bell deck.

Special mention should be made of the part played by the students in the erecting of this building on schedule time. When a general laborers' strike, August 1, threatened to delay the opening of the College far beyond the date set for the fall term, a call for volunteer labor was sent to all the students. Though it meant the sacrifice of half the summer vacation, the response was prompt, generous, and unanimous. Within a few days, work on the building was resumed, with an accelerated progress due to the enthusiasm of the students, who felt that in building their own home they were also recording an active protest against the strike that would have prevented their entering it. No animosity was shown by the laborers' Union, who evidently realized that a man has a right to work on his own castle.

**The Power House**

The need of supplying heat to the College made it imperative that the near-by structure, erected in 1919, and used last year by our school, become

CONTINUE I

DON'T

DISCONTINUE I



in fact as well as in name, the "power house".

To protect and insulate the steam and hot water pipes, together with the electric wiring, between the Power House and the College building, an underground concrete conduit, 200 feet long, was constructed.

### The Laundry

A present to ourselves (for which we still owe the bill) arrived the day after Christmas, in the shape of five large machines with subsidiary apparatus. These machines are of a size to accommodate the ultimate needs of the institution and comprise: a cascade washer; extractor; drying tumbler; 100-inch mangle; steam press; 3 granite tubs; 30-gallon soap tank; 3 truck tubs; and 6 electric irons.

The work of installing this equipment was begun immediately and we hope soon to have in operation that supposed-to-be prime essential for training missionaries to China — a laundry.

### The Convent

In the middle of July the sisters moved from the small farm house on the edge of the property, (the temporary convent since their arrival in 1918), and occupied the dwelling that had hitherto supplied our need as a college building. This building, remodelled and thoroughly renovated, with an attached chapel, should as a convent accommodate even the ultimate quota of sisters demanded by the full-grown institution. Several spare rooms in the dwelling can be devoted to the use of retreatants, women of the world who wish to spend occasional periods away from cares and distractions.

### The Sewage Disposal Plant

In accordance with the plans and specifications submitted by the Scranton Gas and Water Company, and approved by the Pennsylvania State Board of Health, work was begun early in August on a sewage-disposal plant, consisting of a septic tank, a filter bed and filtration field, at an estimated cost of \$10,000. Owing to a laborers' strike it was found impossible to finish the work before frost seized the ground; but about a fortnight's labor, after the weather breaks, should suffice to give us the use of the plant.

No little saving in the cost of this work was effected by eliminating a contractor's commission, one of the Maryknoll students, a graduate engineer, having superintended the entire construction.

### The Farm

The farm superintendent reported the following fruits of the year's labor: hay, 70 tons; straw, 12 tons; oats, 700 bushel; ensilage, 100 tons; rye, 83 bushel; potatoes, 535 bushel.

The dairy yield was: eggs, 650 dozen; butter, 1,965 lbs.; cream, 421 quarts; milk, whole, 14,345 quarts; skim milk, 14,345 quarts.

The truck garden, planted and cultivated by an auxiliary brother, not only kept the table supplied with fresh vegetables of all kinds during the summer and early fall, but in addition enabled the canning department to break all previous records.

While the greater part of meat for the table was purchased in Scranton, the following contributions were received from the farm: pork, 1,900 lbs.; veal, 580 lbs.; beef, 413 lbs.; chicken, 108 lbs.; lard, 85 lbs.

Careful estimate from data on "house maintenance" reveals the average daily cost of prepared food as 63 cents per individual, or \$4.41 a week. This figure, reasonable in contrast with prevailing prices, must be in large measure ascribed to the sisters in charge of the culinary department, and the brothers who work the farm, the truck garden, and the cannery. The figure applies to food only.

### Sources of Income

Beyond the interest on six completed and seven partially completed burses, the partial tuition from some students, and commission on our publications, the Maryknoll Preparatory College has no source of regular income. To meet the cost of building, and of installing the heating, laundry, and kitchen equipments, added to the no mean expense of daily maintenance, would tax the ability of even a heavily-endowed institution. But the financial stream into our coffers is a thin one and wholly inadequate to cope with such a constant drain as that of the past year. The usual, inevitable recourse was had to the Maryknoll center at Ossining, N. Y., bringing to our appeals a response of \$191,622.00.

Friends elsewhere have demonstrated the enduring quality of their devotion to our work for pagan peoples, and with deep gratitude we acknowledge their generous cooperation to the extent of \$8,755.56.

Payments toward tuition, made by or for the students, either in cash or in FIELD AFAR subscription credits, together with accumulated burse interest, amounted in all to \$5,630.00.

We wish to record our deep gratitude and our congratulations to Mr. E. J. Connerton (a member of the present Corporation), and to Mrs. Connerton, for having founded the first Venard burse from the diocese of Scranton.

Our present enrollment is seventy. With what the past has shown to be our normal rate of increase, we shall probably have one hundred students in the fall of this year. It would seem that, through lack of means to support such a number, we should have to re-

fuse admittance to many worthy young men ambitious to devote their lives to the service of the Master among pagan peoples. Yet surely, if God gives vocations to this work of spreading the fruits of the Redemption, He also wills that these vocations should not fail to mature through lack of means.

Could the nature and the need of our work be sufficiently made known, some who are in a position to found burses would certainly realize the necessity of their cooperation and the priceless value of the spiritual blessings that would thereby accrue to themselves. Every burse founder makes it possible to send a new missionary into pagan fields every five years, for generations to come.

### A Memorial Chapel

While the present dormitories, classrooms, and refectory can probably accommodate our growing needs for a few years, the same cannot be said of the temporary chapel, whose capacity a score of newcomers next year will tax to the limit.

Mental and physical development are necessary for the missionary, but his greatest power will lie not in intellectual ability nor bodily vigor, but in his spiritual force. In what greater measure, then, could one help to extend the Kingdom of God in the hearts of pagan men than by supplying a devotional sanctuary, conducive to recollection and fostering in the souls of these aspirant missionaries that ardent faith and spirit of prayer which will be the source of their zeal, the bulwark of their virtue, and their sole effective weapon in combatting the passions and the powers of paganism?

Our present registration totals seventy students, thirty more than last year, while the number of applications already received for the next scholastic year indicates that our enlarged accommodations are offered none too soon. Our enrollment is representative of the national character of our work. Twenty-one dioceses have sent missionary aspirants—two from Scranton, the others from New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and California. There is also a representation from Canada, Mexico, Japan, and Korea. May it please God's providence to send an ever greater number of aspirants to our doors, and to speed the day when the Maryknoll College of Scranton shall have its alumni in every corner of the pagan world.

Some of the principal receipts noted at The Venard during the year were:—

From propaganda in favor  
of Maryknoll Publications \$8,483.40  
Stringless Gifts ..... 3,876.40

Land (at 2 ft. for 1c.)....	1,715.35
From Circles and Mite Boxes .....	2,893.83
For Burses .....	3,927.47
From interest .....	921.53
From students, for tuition .....	2,318.37
For needy students .....	7,620.00
Sale of heater .....	750.00
Liberty Bonds .....	600.00
Loan .....	191,622.01

The greater expense items were:	
House maintenance .....	\$14,973.00
Travel .....	586.29
Sewer .....	8,675.54
Residence additions, repairs, furnishings, etc. .	13,578.00
Insurance, taxes, interest.	1,220.17
THE NEW COLLEGE....	169,775.96

The Gross Receipts were. \$249,993.88  
The Gross Expenditures.. 247,396.12

It will be seen that The Venard is far from being a self-supporting establishment at present, but once the building is paid for, and a fair number of burses secured, there will be no reason for anxiety. In the meantime, *Father Maryknoll* is making sacrifices to keep up the record of not having yet turned away a worthy applicant.

#### \* ABOUT OUR JUNIOR

I like your MARYKNOLL JUNIOR. Please send a bundle for use in the Sunday School. I enclose payment for twenty subscriptions. May it be a faithful seed for vocations in this parish!  
—Fresno, Calif.

Enclosed find check for renewal of our forty subscriptions, plus fifteen more. The children are always very glad when the JUNIOR arrives. They are much interested in all the news from China. And they enjoy Fr. Chin's letters immensely.  
—Carnegie, Pa.

You certainly have good reason to be proud of THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR. And you would better look out for your husky offspring or he may soon annex THE FIELD AFAR.

I followed your advice and "looked him over," and the result is that I want more of him. I enclose check for twenty copies monthly, which will be distributed in the reading rooms to help strengthen the missionary spirit already deeply rooted here. Our pupils do wonderful work for the Bengal mission, but we must help China, especially now that American and Irish missionaries are going there to help conquer souls for Christ.  
—Wheeling, W. Va.

#### Western News.

THE Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association of Los Angeles gave a card party recently for the American Foreign Missions.

Funds are being gathered, largely from Japanese in Los Angeles, for the new Maryknoll School that is about to be built under the patronage of Bishop Cantwell for the Japanese children in that city. Several American Catholics on the Coast are also interested and are contributing generously.

At Seattle the Kindergarten of the Maryknoll Sisters, opened last spring for Japanese children, is securing a steadily increasing patronage. The school is now occupying a rented house that will soon be inadequate and the sisters are seeking larger quarters.

The Maryknoll Procure has been in a position to help several mission organizations during the past year. Recently the Reverend Mother Superior of St. Mary-of-the-Woods (Indiana) telegraphed the Maryknoll Procurator to rush \$300 worth of food to the Sisters of Charity in the famine district of China, where people are dying of hunger and are compelled to eat the bark and leaves of trees.

#### FROM MARYKNOLL-IN-LOS ANGELES.

Jan. 1.—High Mass at school. Two Sisters of Charity paid short visit. Yonai family (Japanese), dropped in for a friendly chat.

Jan. 2.—Retreat Sunday. Afternoon broken by visit from Fr. O'Reilly, S. J., who had been at Molokai. His first glimpse of Maryknoll. Far Eastern characters were our big topic, and within ten minutes we were all talking excitedly about Brother Dutton, Franciscan Sisters, Bishop de Guebriant, etc.

Jan. 3.—Spent day getting our darlings back to normal, and it wasn't easy, after two weeks' vacation. We had hardly returned from school when the bell rang and in walked our much esteemed and more than welcome Bishop.

Jan. 6.—Confirmation of seven adults at Japanese Sisters' Home. Entire

school turned out for the occasion. Program given in big parlor. Children behaved well in spite of our fears.

Jan. 7.—Benediction after Mass at Japanese Home. We hope soon to have it in our own chapel.

Jan. 9.—Made attack on "To be acknowledged" pile of Christmas mail.

Jan. 10.—We're into school again in earnest.

Jan. 11.—Heavy frost—the nearest thing we've had to a Maryknoll snowstorm. Called in afternoon at L. A. Planing Co., in regard to our altar.

Jan. 16.—Two seven-year-old lads made pictures of altars for "young Fr. Walsh, head in China." Some day they will make one for "fat Fr. Walsh, who has two hundred boys in the East."

Jan. 19-25.—There's snow in the mountains—yet we find a light mantle too warm after the chill of the morning has passed. Friends from Buffalo visited. Little Sisters of the Poor called to say how glad they are we have our new home. After considerable changing we are now able to live a regular rule, taking in all that we had spiritually at the Knoll—even reading at supper. We are feeling thrills as we read diaries from our many centres.

Jan. 25.—Took pictures of the little ones in their many antics. Whist run by branch of L. C. B. A. Fr. S— reports success.

Jan. 26.—The mountains are "exquisite" in their misty blue setting. The "heaviest snowfalls of the season" remind us of a fine powdering of confectioner's sugar on a Washington pie.

There have been rumblings of thunder in past few days. Contrary to hair-raising storms on the Hudson, ours come while the sun shines brightly, and pass quickly.

Jan. 27.—Rain most of the day. Roses—beautiful ones—blooming next door and at Japanese Home. Had three interested visitors at school. Witnessed First Communion of newly baptized patient from Monrovia—a University man "intellectually proud" until he gave in to instructions. He is to sail soon for Japan. Pray that he may carry the living Faith with him. Black vestments from our faithful family on the Hill.

Jan. 28.—Box of about three dozen boys' story books arrived from N. Y. City. Good friend, Mrs. —, from Detroit, visited school and brought flowers, also several dozen eggs fresh

NOTE THE CLASS OF ADVERTISING WE CARRY

from country. Basket of vegetables from Sr. C—.

Jan. 29.—Three of the school boys stayed all afternoon and helped to dig around trees in garden.

Jan. 31.—It seems hard to realize the month is over. Older ones at school anticipating Theophane's feast by story of martyrdom.

#### FROM MARYKNOLL-IN-SEATTLE.

Jan. 1.—New Year's Day. Spent morning at Kindergarten.

Jan. 5.—School again. Good attendance, though some children were out sick. Children seemed pleased to be back.

Jan. 6.—Had Ford taken to garage. Repairs estimated at from \$150 to \$200.

Jan. 7.—Usual Holy Hour at Sanitarium in morning, 6:30-7:30. Two

new boys at Kindergarten, the first fruits of the Christmas entertainment.

Jan. 8.—First Saturday with no school. Went downtown to the market. Called on Bishop O'Dea at 10:30. Bishop was very cordial and promised a letter endorsing our collecting in the city. He also spoke about the chances of our getting another house. He told us that the Japanese Consul had written to him expressing how very much surprised and pleased he was with the progress made with the children, as shown by the Christmas entertainment.

Jan. 10.—Two more children at school. Letter of endorsement from Bishop came. Had Japanese lesson at Sanitarium. Meeting of the Holy Child Maryknoll Circle at the Cathedral School in the evening. They plan to have a Card Party at the Kindergarten in two weeks, and another affair on St. Patrick's Day.

Jan. 11.—One more new child.

Jan. 13.—The Protestant Japanese Kindergarten opened a short time after ours and near us, is having difficulty in meeting the rent. Their kindergarten is in charge of a Japanese man.

Jan. 14.—In the afternoon a young Japanese woman, the teacher at the Methodist Kindergarten for Japanese children in Seattle, called and spent the afternoon observing in the kindergarten. In real Japanese style (doing things backwards) we washed after supper.

Jan. 16.—A real Eastern snow storm, but before the day was over, the snow turned to rain, and then—slush. Five children at Mass. Two of the "regulars" sick with the mumps. Sunday school not as large as usual, on account of the weather, but a very considerable showing.



MARYKNOLL SISTERS AND THEIR CHARGES AT SEATTLE.

THESE COLUMNS ARE NOT OPEN TO ALL.



### In Other Fields JAPAN.

Japan boasts that ninety-eight per cent of its children of primary school age are going to school.

We are told by experienced missionaries that the Japanese will not accept the Faith simply as something good for the soul. They must first be reached through education and philanthropy.

This will help us to understand why the Church makes so little progress in Japan, and why educators are succeeding.

The Brothers of Mary in Japan report six baptisms at their school in Osaka—the first event of its kind.

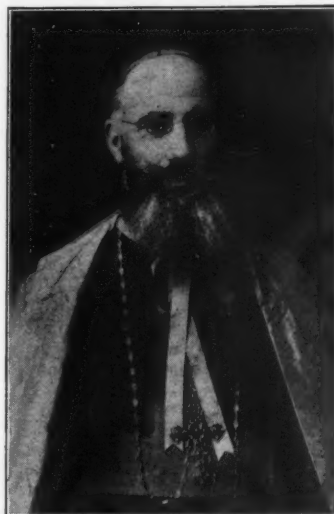
These brothers have over eight hundred boys between thirteen and eighteen years of age, all lay pupils of purely Japanese blood, sons of merchants as a rule. Catholics among them number, as yet, only sixteen, but prejudices are being broken down and sympathies won. This in itself is a gain.

A Women's Christian College of Japan (Protestant) was founded in April, 1918. It enrolled eighty-four students the first year, and one hundred fifty-three the second. The courses offered are Liberal Arts, English Language and Literature, Social Service, and Business.

About sixty per cent of the students profess Christian beliefs. The College is maintained by several denominations and all the teachers seem to be Japanese.

Some day (D. V.) we, or somebody else, shall have the pleasure

of recording that the Sisters of \_\_\_\_\_, from \_\_\_\_\_, U. S. A., have founded the first Catholic College in Japan.



HIS EXCELLENCY,  
MSGR. FUMASONI-BIONDI,  
Apostolic Delegate to Japan.

Msgr. Freri has produced an attractive pamphlet entitled, *The National Religion of Japan* (Shintoism). The concluding words suggest the contents:

In conclusion, I will repeat what is known to every missionary in Japan: as long as the Government continues to assert the divinity of the Emperor, and the official world apparently believes in it; as long as all classes of citizens have not full liberty to embrace the Christian religion and practise its tenets without hindrance, the Church will not make serious progress in the country.

The problem for Japan is how to get rid of the divinity of its ruler. Forty years ago it would have been easy; today, with all the scaffolding erected around that doctrine, it is a difficult task. It is to be feared that, in discarding the doctrine, the Japanese people might take occasion to overthrow the Emperor himself, and the remedy would be worse than the evil. The Japanese are not ripe for a republican form of government; they need to be ruled by a strong hand.

Let us hope that Divine Providence, which has means of solving human problems unknown to us, will bring about a happy solution to that mooted question. Then it will be seen that the obstacles to the conversion of the na-

A well known business man said recently to a Maryknoller:

"That paper of yours should attract some high-class advertising, with such a splendid and representative circulation (85,000) as it carries."

tion to Christianity are fewer in Japan than in several other pagan countries of the Far East.

### INDIA.

India, too, is calling and we wish that the saintly prelate who writes the following letter could be properly backed:

Your work is truly providential. Divine Providence well knew the important part the United States was to take in the destiny of the world, and the prominence you have in the war will pave the way to even nobler conquests.

What an immense field Asia is, with its hundreds of millions in China and India. Europe looks so sad. Mammon has captured many hearts and even now in the time of trial Governments do not turn to the Almighty. I hope and pray that we are not building together another Tower of Babel. Let us pray that the far-off mission countries be not similarly affected.

The field here in India is beautiful, ready for a great harvest—but the workers are few. If we had a few university-trained men this would be the time for trying to open a university in Travencore, where the Protestants have two in addition to the Government one, and the Catholics, who form about one-fifth of the population, have as yet none.

—Bishop Benziger, Quilon.

The mission of the American Jesuits in India will have its center at Patna. Patna is about three hundred miles up the Ganges River. The district includes the Province of Patna and the Kingdom of Nepal. This latter is easily found on the map, for Mt. Everest, the world's highest mountain, is there. A small band of Austrian Capuchins labored there before the war, but they were evicted at the beginning of the con-

Friends of Maryknoll may secure for members of their households and for their beloved dead the privileges of membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. The privileges are many and growing in number every year. Yearly membership calls for an offering of fifty cents, if a subscription to THE FIELD AFAR is not desired.

### THE MARYKNOLL RING



Everything that comes from Maryknoll ought to be good. This ring will stand under criticism.

Sterling silver.....\$5.00

10-karat gold.....7.00

(Prices subject to change)

When ordering state size

Field Afar Office, Ossining, N. Y.

THOUSANDS OF AMERICAN CATHOLIC READERS

flict and cannot hope to return. The Irish Christian Brothers have a college in one of the towns of this region, and a community of sisters from Switzerland have a school in another. Both of these religious bodies have been able to survive, though they are counting the hours till priests come to their relief. Twenty million pagans and seven thousand Catholics make up the population of the new mission field.

#### CHINA.

*West Kwangtung and Hainan* is the name of the latest apostolic vicariate to be erected in the Province of Kwangtung. This makes four divisions since Bishop de Guebriant arrived in Canton and set his mind to the problem of reaching the souls entrusted to his care.

A Chinese student of our acquaintance laments the fact that his country is in the hands of militarists and corrupt officials, who are like "a servant that has been fired and won't go." "What we need now," he says, "is a policeman to throw the fellow out,—but where shall we find the cop?"

Bishop Landi, who died recently in China, visited the United States some years ago. His vicariate was in the province of Hupeh and he was yet under fifty years of age. During his year as bishop the number of Christians was raised from twelve thousand to thirty-three thousand, the churches from fifty-eight to one hundred forty.

The following was written from the Canadian Sisters' convent in Canton and prepared Maryknoll for a "thriller" that came a few days later from Fr. O'Shea, describing the triumphal entry of himself and his companions into Kochow:

For more than two months, war had ravaged the Province of Kwangtung. We are now at peace in Canton. Shiuhing has been taken, and one of the generals of the victorious army visited us on Sunday and stated that the next

place of combat is Kochow. We are all praying that nothing will happen to the Maryknoll Fathers there. The new Maryknoll missionaries arrived in Canton during the war and have departed for their districts only to have the wave overtake them there. However, Governor Chan Kwing Ming, who is thus far victorious, is a friend to all Europeans and I do not think the missions will suffer.

During the past year (from August to August), 7,205 abandoned babies were gathered and cared for in our cribs until death relieved their sufferings. Uniting with them, as also with the many that preceded them, I supplicate Our Immaculate Mother to bestow on you, dear Fr. Walsh, and on all under your care, the choicest gifts of her Divine Son.

Canton, where our six latest missionaries met, in happy reunion, the others, who were waiting with open arms to receive them, is the capital city of Kwangtung Province, which has thirty million people and a reputation for would-be-up-to-the-times leadership.

We have read lately that out of eight or nine million boys and girls of school age in that province, there are only about two-hundred-thousand pupils in the schools.

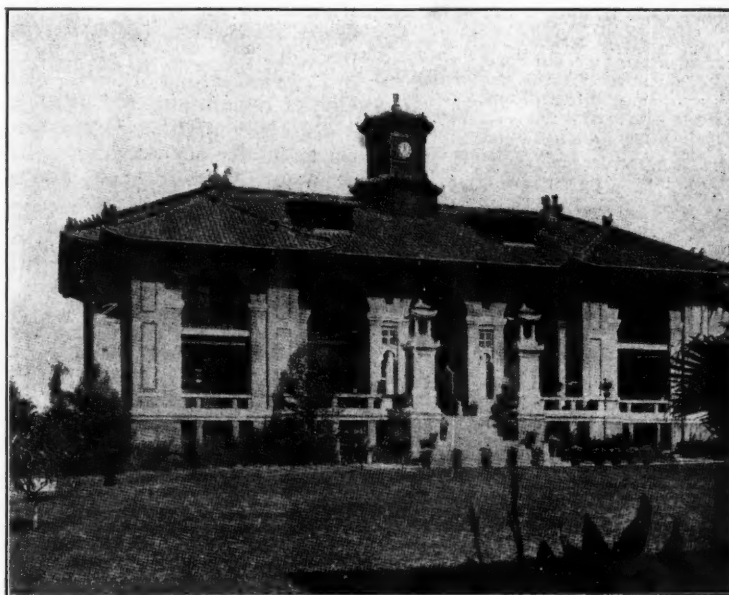
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Twenty Thousand Copies  
of the life and letters of  
**THEOPHANE VENARD**  
(Blessed)

Read this book—wherever you  
are—for recreation, for  
spiritual help.

Price - - - \$1.00 postpaid  
The Field Afar Office

The only college in the province that is doing full college work is the *Canton Christian College* (Protestant), which was started at the request of the Chinese themselves.

It has been running for about fifteen years and is organized under the laws of the State of New York, granting degrees by authority of the Board of Regents. We reproduce on this page an interesting photograph which we have noted in the *Missionary Review of the World*. This photograph presents the happy combination of practical European architecture harmonizing with several features of the Chinese.



CANTON CHRISTIAN COLLEGE (PROTESTANT)

WOULD LIKE TO KNOW THE FIELD AFAR.

## At the Receiving Table



*The Editor's Dream: everything coming in, from all over, and nothing going out.*

### MARYKNOLL LAND SALES

(Original Purchase)

Total area ..... 4,450,000 ft.  
Sold up to Feb. 1, 1921... 3,064,688 ft.  
For sale at 1 cent a foot.. 1,385,312 ft.

### VENARD LAND SALES

Total area at The Venard 6,000,000 ft.  
Sold up to Feb. 1, 1921... 1,487,550 ft.  
For sale at 1/2 cent a foot.. 4,512,450 ft.

### SPECIAL FUNDS

The funds recorded below have been carefully invested so that the interest shall be applied regularly to the needs as designated.

#### (Complete)

Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, No. 1 .....	\$4,000.00
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, No. 2 .....	\$4,000.00
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, No. 3 .....	\$4,000.00
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, No. 4 .....	4,000.00
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, No. 5 .....	4,000.00
Yeungkong Catechist Fund, No. 1 .....	4,000.00

#### (Incomplete)

Our Daily Bread Fund.....	\$ 1,155.77
Maryknoll Propaganda Fund .....	5,000.00
Altar Wine Fund.....	202.00
Sanctuary Candle Fund.....	261.00
Sanctuary Oil Fund.....	232.55
Sacred Vessels Fund.....	77.00
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, No. 6 .....	1,000.00
Yeungkong Catechist Fund No. 2 .....	1,142.85
Fr. Price Memorial Catechist Fund.....	532.60
Missioners' Book Fund.....	442.00
Circles' Missioners' Support Fund .....	375.65

† On hand but not operative.

By the will of the late Mrs. F. B. Sheridan of Cumberland, Md., the *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.*, received \$300, which it has sent away as Mass stipends according to the instructions of the testatrix.

From Cumberland has come, also, an unexpected and generous gift of \$1,117 for Fr. Walsh, now in Wuchow, China. This splendid remittance is due to the suggestion of Fr. Wunder, Fr. Walsh's former pastor, and to the kind response of Fr. Wunder's parishioners.

How ends meet! A Holy Child Sister in Philadelphia was speaking with a young woman of that city about two orphaned Maryknoll Sisters away out in Seattle. And the result—a section of the sodality to which the Philadelphia young woman belongs has adopted Maryknoll-in-Seattle as the special object of its charity.

Four annuities arrived, from California, Vermont, Cuba, and New Mexico, respectively.

The highest burse contributions were those of the St. Columba Club of Boston (\$300), sent through the Boston Diocesan S. P. F. Office, and of the Bl. Clet Unit of Emmitsburg, Md. (\$200).

Especially gratifying were receipts for the support during the scholastic year of two Maryknoll students, at \$250 each.

A Franciscan father, who watches Maryknoll with true brotherly interest, writes:

I have been disgusted—to use no stronger term—with the stagnant condition of the two scholarships in honor of St. Francis and of St. Anthony, respectively. The Third Order of St. Francis and the Pious Union of St. Anthony could each easily provide half a dozen scholarships without half trying. The devotees of St. Francis and St. Anthony, as well as the members of the Third Order, are numbered by the legion throughout the country.

As I regularly tell my audiences in the conclusion of my lectures, to further the work of Maryknoll is a duty of faith and patriotism, a duty we owe to the Church and to our country.

### BURSE PROGRESS

A Burse is a sum of money, the interest of which will board and educate, continuously, one student for the priesthood.

#### MARYKNOLL BURSES (Complete)

Cardinal Farley Burse.....	\$ 5,000.00
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse .....	5,000.00
John L. Boland Burse.....	6,000.00
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	5,000.00
St. Willibrord Burse.....	†5,000.00
Providence Diocese Burse.....	5,000.00
Fr. Elias Younan Burse.....	5,000.00
Mary Queen of Apostles Burse .....	5,000.00
Our Lady of Miraculous Medal Burse .....	5,002.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse .....	5,000.00
Holy Trinity Burse.....	6,000.00
Father B. Burse.....	†6,273.31
Bishop Doran Memorial Burse .....	5,000.00
St. Charles Borromeo Burse.....	†5,000.00
St. Thomas the Apostle Burse .....	5,000.00
St. Catherine of Sienna Burse .....	5,000.00
Rev. Joseph M. Gleason Burse, No. 1 .....	5,000.00
Rev. Joseph M. Gleason Burse, No. 2 .....	5,000.00
Bp. Cusack Memorial Burse .....	6,000.00
Albany Diocese .....	5,000.00
Fall River Diocese Burse.....	5,000.00
Thanksgiving Burse, No. 1 .....	5,000.00
Thanksgiving Burse, No. 2 .....	5,000.00
Annuitant's Memorial Burse.....	5,000.00
Rev. John J. Cullen Memorial Burse .....	5,000.00
Anonymous Burse .....	5,000.00
St. Margaret Mary Burse.....	5,000.00
C. W. B. L. Burse.....	6,062.00
Bl. Julia Billiard Burse.....	5,434.10
Mother Theodore Guerin Burse .....	5,000.00
Mackay Memorial Burse.....	5,000.00
St. Colomba Burse.....	5,865.00
Abp. John J. Williams Burse .....	†5,279.21
St. Teresa Burse.....	5,142.27
Sacred Heart Burse, No. 2 .....	5,122.63
Holy Ghost Burse.....	5,100.00
Rev. Thomas F. Price Memorial Burse .....	†5,000.00
St. Vincent de Paul Burse...	5,039.26
Manhattanville Alumnae Association Burse.....	5,000.00
James and Catherine Meehan Burse .....	5,000.00
Thomas F. Farley Memorial Burse .....	5,000.00
St. Stephen Burse.....	5,453.00
Rev. Patrick H. Billings Burse, No. 1 .....	5,000.00
Rev. Patrick H. Billings Burse, No. 2.....	5,000.00

The name of your patron saint, your school, your founder, your society, your diocese—where is it in the list below?

### MARYKNOLL BURSES

#### (Incomplete)

St. Joseph Burse.....	\$ 4,391.69
Holy Souls Burse (Reserved) .....	4,000.00
"Our Sunday Visitor" Burse .....	4,000.00

A P E R P E T U A L M E M O R I A L M E M B E R S H I P



<i>Our Lady of Mercy</i> Burse...	3,967.75
<i>All Souls</i> Burse.....	3,734.71
<i>St. Francis of Assisi</i> Burse..	3,638.50
<b>Philadelphia Archdiocese</b>	
<i>Burse</i> .....	3,559.56
<i>Cure of Ars</i> Burse.....	3,440.35
<i>St. Patrick</i> Burse.....	3,364.13
<i>Cheverus Centennial School</i>	
<i>Burse</i> .....	3,216.87
<i>St. Anne</i> Burse.....	3,003.87
<i>The Most Precious Blood</i>	
<i>Burse</i> .....	2,863.16
<b>Pittsburgh Diocese</b> Burse..	2,696.71
<b>Columbus Diocese</b> Burse..	2,250.00
<i>Holy Eucharist</i> Burse.....	2,216.50
<i>Mother Catherine Spalding</i>	
<i>Burse</i> .....	2,067.75
<i>St. Anthony</i> Burse.....	2,064.06
<i>Our Lady of Mt. Carmel</i>	
<i>Burse</i> .....	2,063.89
<i>Marywood College</i> Burse....	1,939.10
<i>Fr. Chapon Memorial</i> Burse..	1,894.35
<i>Pius X</i> Burse.....	1,700.25
<i>St. Dominic</i> Burse.....	1,538.82
<b>Anonymous Diocese</b> Burse	1,500.00
<i>Bl. Madeleine Sophie Barat</i>	
<i>Burse</i> .....	1,417.65
<i>Holy Child</i> Burse.....	1,405.04
<i>Our Lady of the Sacred Heart</i>	
<i>Burse</i> .....	1,343.48
<i>Bernadette of Lourdes</i> Burse	1,330.76
<i>Dunwoodie Seminary</i> Burse..	1,220.56
<b>Duluth Diocese</b> Burse....	1,206.20
<i>Omnia. per Mariam</i> Burse....	1,110.00
<i>Trinity Wekanduit</i> Burse....	1,026.85
<i>College of Mt. St. Vincent</i>	
<i>Burse</i> .....	1,000.00
<i>St. John the Baptist</i> Burse...	887.38
<i>Fr. Chaminade Memorial</i>	
<i>Burse</i> .....	717.00
<i>Bl. Louise de Marillac</i> Burse.	644.00
<i>St. Agnes</i> Burse.....	607.81
<i>Susan Emery Memorial</i> Burse	553.50
<i>St. Rita</i> Burse.....	544.15
<i>St. Lawrence</i> Burse.....	483.25
<i>St. Michael</i> Burse.....	465.63
<i>St. Francis Xavier</i> Burse....	378.53
<i>St. Joan of Arc</i> Burse.....	370.01
<i>Immaculate Conception</i> Burse	361.50
<i>Our Lady of Lourdes</i> Burse..	335.02
<i>Holy Family</i> Burse.....	322.00
<i>St. La Salle</i> Burse.....	239.85
<i>St. Boniface</i> Burse.....	198.40
<i>St. Bridget</i> Burse.....	180.00
<i>Children of Mary</i> Burse.....	173.00
<i>Our Lady of Victory</i> Burse..	152.16
<i>All Saints</i> Burse.....	134.28
<i>Mother Seton</i> Burse.....	130.00
<i>Maryknoll-in-Heaven</i> Burse..	126.00

**VENARD BURSES (Complete)**

<i>Rev. Joseph M. Gleason</i> Burse,	
No. 1 .....	\$5,000.00
<i>Rev. Joseph M. Gleason</i> Burse,	
No. 2 .....	5,000.00
<i>Rev. Joseph M. Gleason</i> Burse,	
No. 3 .....	5,000.00
<i>Rev. Joseph M. Gleason</i> Burse,	
No. 4 .....	5,000.00
<i>Blessed Sacrament</i> Burse....	5,014.00
<i>E. J. and E. G. Connerton</i>	
<i>Burse</i> .....	5,000.00
<i>"Our Sunday Visitor"</i> Burse	†5,000.00

Is yours a *St. Patrick's Parish*?  
If so, here is a suggestion that  
will perhaps appeal to you:

Some time ago you spoke of the *St. Patrick* Burse falling behind. Now it seems to me that if all the *St. Patrick* pastors would club together the burse would soon go over the top. Hence, notwithstanding that my mission is a very poor one—my expenses last year



exceeded my income by \$218—I am enclosing a check for \$10 in the hope that other *St. Patrick* pastors may quickly follow suit and make the *St. Patrick* Burse the largest on the list.

—*St. Patrick's, N. C.*

The *Blessed Clet* Unit of the Students' Mission Crusade at *St. Joseph's College* (for young women), *Emmitsburg, Md.*, has started a *Mother Seton* Burse for *Maryknoll*.

The same Unit has been giving generous co-operation to the *Blessed Louise de Marillac* Burse. The Unit's president writes:

Here we are with a foundation offering of \$130 for a *Mother Seton* Burse. It may seem presumptuous to attempt to feed two bursees at once, but we American girls who are being trained in the very spot sanctified by this valiant woman feel that we should help to give her a place of honor among the honored.

The additional \$70 is to be given to our *Blessed Louise de Marillac* Burse.

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

**VENARD BURSES (Incomplete)**

<i>Little Flower</i> Burse.....	\$ 3,356.46
<i>Sacred Heart of Jesus</i> Burse	
(Reserved) .....	2,500.00
<i>Bl. Theophane Venard</i> Burse	1,550.80
<i>Sodality of Bl. Virgin Mary</i>	
<i>Burse</i> .....	1,000.00
<i>St. Aloysius</i> Burse.....	561.50
<i>Immaculate Conception</i> Burse	100.00

From whatever source a burse comes it is welcome, but especially welcome is one built by some society or school.

**MARYKNOLL MISSION BURSES**

(For the education and support of native students for the priesthood.)

<i>Our Lady of Perpetual Help</i>	
<i>Burse (Complete)</i> .....	\$ 1,500.00
<i>Our Lady of Lourdes</i> Burse	
(Incomplete) .....	601.00
<i>St. Vincent de Paul</i> Burse	
(Reserved) .....	300.00
<i>Mk. Academia Native-Priest</i>	
<i>Burse (Incomplete)</i> .....	255.60

A new burse may be entered on the list when it has reached \$100.

**STUDENT AID FOUNDATIONS**

A Student Aid Foundation represents \$1,000, the interest on which will supply the personal expenses of one student each year, at *Maryknoll* or *Maryknoll's Preparatory College, The Venard*.

**MARYKNOLL STUDENT AID**

<i>Fall River Diocese</i> Fund (Incomplete) .....	\$ 913.14
<i>Our Lady of Perpetual Help</i>	
<i>Fund (Incomplete)</i> .....	155.98

**VENARD STUDENT AID**

<i>Venard Circles</i> Fund, No. 1	
(Comp.) .....	\$1,000.00
<i>Venard Circles</i> Fund, No. 2	
(Comp.) .....	1,000.00
<i>Venard Circles</i> Fund, No. 3	
(Comp.) .....	1,000.00
<i>Venard Circles</i> Fund, No. 4	
(Comp.) .....	1,000.00
<i>Venard Circles</i> Fund, No. 5	
(Incomplete) .....	790.88

**RECEIVED FOR THE MARYKNOLL MISSION**

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Kansas.....	5.00	6
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Ireland.....		2
Porto Rico.....	10.00	2

Total of New Subscribers..... 2,739

Train the little ones to use a mite box for love of Jesus Christ.

## GIFTS IN KIND

Chalices; fountain pens; altar linens; towels and pillow-cases; tablecloth; used vestments; holy pictures and medals; missals and breviaries; kindergarten materials; camera; silver service; stereomicroscope; bulbs; cancelled stamps from Calif., N. Y., Va., R. I., Mass., O., N. J., Pa., Conn., Fla., Neb., Kan.; old gold, jewelry, etc., from N. H., N. Y., N. J., Md., Pa., Mass.; AND SIX BLANKETS.

\* Annuity, \$1,000.00.

† Annuity, \$500.00.

Two statues, one of Our Blessed Mother and the other of St. Joseph, are wanted by the Maryknoll Sisters at their convent near our Preparatory College, Clark's Summit. If interested, please write to *Sister R.*, care THE FIELD AFAR Office, Ossining, N. Y.

## THE STRINGLESS GIFT

(With apologies to all true poets)

"Here's fifty cents for some feet of ground

At The Venard; till them well."

"Enclosed my check for thirty-five

To buy a mission bell."

"I'm sending you by parcel post

Some jewelry junk—almost

Enough to snatch a Chinese babe

From fiery darts of hell."

"The barn is up? Find \$1.50

To keep it there, and then

\$3.00 more, with which please buy a

hen."

"I hear you're crowning Mary's Knoll

And that 'sseen bills are due,

Well, please accept my \$1,000 check,

'Twill help to pull you through."

"St. Michael's needs a coat of paint?

That shouldn't be, please say it aint,

But here, before I swoon and faint,

Take all I own!"—he is a saint!

A Liberty Bond may not "look good" to some people when it is a question of a full value tender, but it certainly "looks good" to the directors of Maryknoll. Every Bond adds strength to our work, and when it comes in payment for a Perpetual Membership, or towards a burse, or as a "stringless gift," each Bond is entered at its face value, one day to be redeemed for that amount and perhaps more.

A word to you who would have the Foreign Mission Seminary benefit after your death by your present thoughtfulness—

Suppose you desire to leave to us a certain sum, which is now lying in a savings bank, or elsewhere, and drawing interest which you need.

We are in a position to accept your gift now, agreeing to turn over the income to you during your life-time.

Send for our Annuity leaflet.

## NEW PERPETUALS

Living—Rev. friends, 5; Sr. M. B.; Sr. A.; J. M.; M. M.; A. M.; M. S.; M. E. H.; F. F. N.; H. H.; Mrs. M. W.; Mrs. M. K.; B. B.; A. G.; Mrs. F. M.; J. J. S.; Mrs. F. G.; W. J. C.; M. L. H.; M. L. S.; R. K.; H. M.; P. J. McC.; Mrs. P. J. McC.; W. A. D. and family; L. T. McC.; F. J. D.; C. G. W.; A. D.; W. A. D.; F. T.; S. D.; M. H.; P. T. D.; B. H.; E. H.; N. L.; Mrs. J. F. O'D.; Mrs. C. A. P.; P. B.

Deceased—Rev. James F. Miskell; Rev. Joseph F. Mohan; James Flinter; Sarah Cantwell Flinter; Sara Kelly; Mary J. Kelly; Hugh Kelly; Bridget Kelly; John Kelly; Margaret Egleson; Margaret Quickley; Teersa M. Saul; Mrs. Ellen Mahoney; Charles D. Blesch; John Blesch; Thomas Carr; Mrs. Thomas Carr; Arthur McAleenon; Margaret R. McInnis; Nellie Collins; George M. Diel; George Schuster; X. X. Timothy Miskell; Jeremiah Miskell; Mary Miskell; Margaret Mahoney; Katherine Mahoney; Andrew Bresnahan; William C. Elliott; Henry J. Gaffney; John F. Rooney; Mary Rooney; Benjamin family; Adam Phillips; Elizabeth D. Phillips; Andrew P. Meyers; John Barry; Mrs. Bridget Collins; Mrs. Margaret Conlon; Patrick Curran; Patrick L. Butler; Mrs. F. B. Sheridan; Pius F. Robin; Louise Robin.

AS you will wish it for yourself and your departed friends, so offer a prayer for the souls of:

Rev. C. J. Powers, William Michele C. S. P.  
Mrs. M. Morris  
Rev. Chas. Collins P. J. McDonald  
Rev. E. P. Hickey Mrs. L. Duffy  
Sr. Georgiana Hugh McKenna  
James J. Hawk Mrs. M. Oakley  
Lillian Breen Agnes C. Kelly  
George W. Schmitt Mrs. A. Broderick  
Mrs. M. Laughlin Philip Toner  
Thomas Clarke Hannah Hinchliffe  
Louis S. Senshaw Andrew Cox  
Mary E. Hopkins Catherine Jones  
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Prayers and sacrifices offered for the spread of the Faith.  
Members, yearly and perpetual.

One hundred thousand subscribers to *The Field Afar*, and  
One hundred thousand subscribers to the *Maryknoll Junior*.

Readers for the attractive Maryknoll books on the subject of missions.  
God-fathers and God-mothers for some of the students.  
Burses to ensure the training of priests now and for generations to come.  
Circles to spread interest to others.  
Contributions to our building enterprises;

- (a) The new Seminary at Ossining;
- (b) The new College at Clark's Summit, Pa.;
- (c) A house and dormitory in San Francisco;
- (d) A school and convent for Japanese children in Los Angeles; a similar provision for Seattle, Washington.

Passage for a dozen missionaries—priests and sisters—booked to sail for China during the year.

Subsidies for the personal support of Maryknoll missionaries in the field and for their various works.

### LENTEN SUGGESTIONS

When you get to the end of your rosary, go back to the Cross and say the Our Father and three Hail Mary's for the missions.

With a little sacrifice, many people could attend Mass on week day mornings, and if such an effort were made and offered for the conversion of sinners untold good would result.

In praying for those who "died in the Lord," let us remember the unknown and unnumbered missionaries who trod the highways and byways long ago, announcing to our forefathers the "glad tidings of great joy," calling them to be what they now are, "sons of God and heirs of Heaven."

If you have no boy of your own to give to the service of God as an officer in the army of Jesus Christ, why not adopt one of our selection and pay his way through his course of studies, at least as long as you can afford to do so?

The amount asked is two hundred and fifty dollars a year for board and tuition; or, if personal expenses are included, three hundred dollars.

Be a Maryknoll Uncle or a Maryknoll Aunt.

### FACTS AND CONSEQUENCES

¶ Eighty-five thousand subscribers to *THE FIELD AFAR* are registered at Maryknoll.

¶ This paper carries very little advertising. It had no space for such up to the present.

¶ We have kept the subscription at the pre-war rate of only one dollar a year.

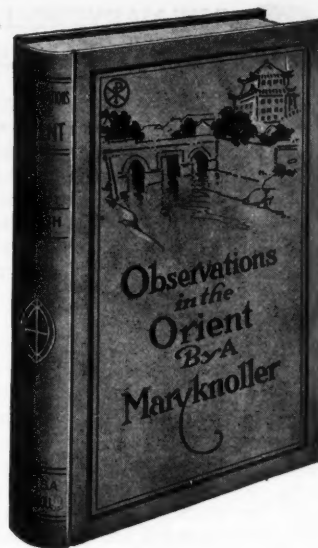
¶ We are anxious not to increase this subscription, because many among our readers can ill afford to pay more. They profit by reading *THE FIELD AFAR*, and Maryknoll gains through their good will and prayers.

¶ And yet—the direct returns from subscriptions do not meet the cost of publication.

¶ Do you not see, therefore, that we must depend upon *individual* returns,—the occasional gift from our subscribers?

¶ If then, you, as a mere subscriber, have not as yet come into the class of Maryknoll benefactors, you are *getting something and giving nothing*.

¶ Please keep this in mind when you send your renewal—unless, in the meantime, you shall have sent a gift.



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## THE MARYKNOLL MISSION CIRCLES

**N**UMEROUS are the inquiries about Circles and many are the ways for cooperating. We urge those who are hesitating to be like the valiant women of the Gospel—and to give of their substance—their strength, time, labors and sufferings—for the love of Christ and Him Crucified.

**Missioners' Support:** The response to the call for catechists has been generous—but we need more. Get support, too, for the missionaries. Maryknoll-at-home is struggling to build her great Seminary. With this gigantic task ahead, her anxiety would be considerably lessened if she knew that no matter how tight the money market might be, or how empty the treasury, her exiles would be assured of the necessary support. This is a worthy aim for any Circle—to provide \$300 a year for the support of a priest on the mission field.

If your Circle can do more, add to it \$200 for travelling expenses and incidentals, by which more effective work can be accomplished. Should this be beyond the Circle's resources, it can pledge itself to contribute \$5 a month to the *Missioner-Support Fund* that has been established by the Circles. Send for cards.

**Student Aid:** Has it never occurred to a Circle to adopt a student at Maryknoll or The Venard? \$250 is the sum asked for the tuition and board of one student for one year. Fifty dollars more will provide his personal expenses, books, clothing, etc.

How many Circles may we register as godmothers to young aspirants to the priesthood? The privilege and the reward will be yours; the stimulus and the encouragement will be theirs; while the fruits will be for God.

Use a Maryknoll Mite Box for your Lenten self-denial coins.

In San Francisco there is a *Fr. Price Mission Circle*, whose members meet regularly at the Maryknoll Procure.

*St. Francis Xavier Circle*, Philadelphia, is worthy of its great patron. Following a recent contribution of \$200 towards the *Archdiocese of Philadelphia Burse* came a check for \$500 for mission purposes. Of this, \$180 is to continue the support of their woman catechist in China; \$8 is for FIELD AFAR subscriptions; and the balance, \$312, is a stringless gift. The Mite-Box is the right arm of this Circle, and a fine spirit of sacrifice supplies its strength.

**Clubs and Circles may have THE FIELD AFAR, if all copies are sent to one address, for eighty cents a year.**

### A TRIBUTE TO THE CIRCLES

By Rev. J. E. Walsh,  
*Kochow, Kwangtung, China.*

When we opened our little Orphanage here at Kochow, we had only one misgiving. It was to be conducted by the ladies. We were not so much afraid that they would not run the thing, as we were that they would run us and the whole mission into the bargain while they were at it. Ungallant bachelors that we are, we saw squalls ahead. We might be in for it, but nobody was going to say we did not see it coming.

Of course we were "dead wrong". The Orphanage is the one thing in the whole works that runs like a piece of machinery, and there has not been any friction to pour oil on, or troubled waters, either. It is not a very big proposition yet, and there is never any trouble. It only shows how blind mere men are, when they have to be shown so many times that women can do many things better than they themselves.

Then take the Mission Circles. A missionary sometimes thinks that he is doing something, but when he sees how some of our people—notably, Circle members—are making sacrifices to put the necessary weapons in his hands, then he begins to view himself in the proper light of being only one wheel in the machine,—and not the flywheel, either. The women do not occupy the spotlight very much, but, with them absent, the show would be like Hamlet without the melancholy Dane. It is something like the famous question, "Who won the war?" It is accomplished by a combination of factors, by

everybody putting his shoulder to the wheel, and every factor is pretty close to what the old scholastics called a "sine qua non".

So it is with our mission work. No individual, nor even any one class, is going to be all-sufficient. We must all cooperate. It is up to each of us to do the particular part of the work that God's will seems to assign to him, and then with us all working together, and every department taken care of, you can safely wager that something has got to give. It will be paganism, I make no doubt, for it cannot stand up against zealous and united effort very long. Let us gird on the armor.

In plain words, the function of the Circles, as we understand it, is to furnish the money, while it is the pleasant duty of the missionaries to spend it. There is a fair division of labor. And we guarantee to hold up our end of it, with the one proviso that we get the money to spend.

As to merit, everybody knows that it is better to give than to receive, and that is why we feel so small when we look at the Circles. Both are necessary to catch the fish, but we are only the bait, while you are hook, line, and sinker. But apart from that, here is the big thing: If both stick on the job, St. Peter's net is going to take a big haul.—*From the Bulletin of the Maria Mission Circles, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

**"Circle the Earth with us." Send your name for enrollment in the Maryknoll Centre Circle, one dollar a year.**

### COOPERATION

Will you kindly send me some burse cards? We have a club of fifteen good workers and believe that we can fill a number of the cards.

—*Boston, Mass.*

During the war I made scapulars for the Chaplain's Aid. I would be glad to do the same for you if they would be of use on the foreign missions.

—*Detroit, Mich.*

Enclosed please find check for \$50, the contribution of *Our Lady Help of Christians Circle* to the Philadelphia Archdiocese Burse. Be assured that we will do all that we can for the missions.

—*Philadelphia, Pa.*

I am sending \$35 on Perpetual Membership and \$15 for the Circles' Missioner-Support Fund, collected from the members of the Circle. The balance, \$3, is to enroll three more members in the Centre Circle.

—*Jersey City, N. J.*

Address inquiries to the Circle Director, Maryknoll.

A S K Y O U R F R I E N D T O S U B S C R I B E .



This is what you certainly do not wish to have happen to your Field Afar or Maryknoll Junior Stencil.

### TO YOU, BROTHERS AND SISTERS—

Are you trying to train your pupils to acts of self-denial for the love of Christ and His Missions? Place a Maryknoll Mite-Box in every class-room and see what a powerful ally it will prove.

Are you interested in our Venard youngsters who wish to be apostles to China? Then give them a lift by taking a dollar off the mortgage on their farm at Clark's Green. Send for a Venard Land Slip.

Let children of today provide a bourse for the education of a missionary. We wish to feel that at least one of our burses is the fruit of their simple faith and trained charity. The Holy Child Bourse will yet admit many offerings. If you are interested, send for one or more cards. Each is designed to invite one-cent gifts to the number of twenty-five.

### CHINA HAS 1,992,247 CATHOLICS.

Comparing the figures with those of the two previous years, we find the following:

	1917	1918	1919
Priests, European .....	1,432	1,423	1,394*
Priests, Chinese .....	865	902	953
Christians .....	1,859,171	1,954,499	1,992,247

The report chronicles Protestant statistics for 1917 only:

Societies .....	95
Missionaries .....	24,574
Protestant Christians .....	654,658

\* Including six Americans at Maryknoll.

### SCRAPS IN SCRIPT.

American food "goes well" on the missions occasionally, they tell us, and the canned variety is quite acceptable.

A Maryknoll missionary newly arrived in China said Masses on the Pacific, in Japan, and in China, from the time of the departure until the date of a letter recently received. Those sixty Masses, dear reader, may have helped you and yours, including your departed.

A missionary over in Ceylon, who seems to have an idea that at Maryknoll we are twirling our thumbs waiting for something to turn up, sent us recently a spotted leopard-skin which he wishes us to dispose of for him.

Can you beat it? Or better, can you make a suggestion? The sender is "awfully poor."

It is not unheard of that *WILLS* go by default occasionally. Some good man in Ohio, for example, will draw up a will and include among his beneficiaries the CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY of AMERICA, Incorporated, and we might never learn of the existence of the will. Furthermore, with no interested person to push our claim, we might never see the intended gift.

We suggest, therefore, that testators notify us if we happen to be among their fortunate beneficiaries.

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1 0 0 , 0 0 0 S U B S C R I P T I O N S — R E M E M B E R !

## ALMOST FORGOTTEN HINTS.

*Mr. John Fairly-Comfortable* was smiling. He had solved a problem. For years he had been worrying about something that was not supposed to occasion worry—his money.

*J. F. C.* was practically alone in the world with only a few distant relatives to survive him, and these had never been over friendly. Besides, they were pretty well-to-do. The idea of a will had come to *J. F. C.*, and he had actually made one, but it seemed as if he was constantly learning that wills are nearly all breakable, and what guarantee was there that his hard-earned \$50,000 would not disappear?

Not that *J. F. C.* was wealthy. Had he lived a couple of generations ago, his \$50,000 would indeed have placed him on something of a pedestal, but today it meant a net income of about \$2,500 a year—and the typesetters in his printing office were looking for almost as much. Here had been his difficulty: what would become of that \$50,000, should he, as he must,

And then one day he picked up a copy of *THE FIELD AFAR*, caught the idea of a *Maryknoll Annuity*, and arranged everything to his complete satisfaction. Today he is confident of his annual income and of the certainty that when he dies his principal will be put to a good use—and the one for which he destined it.

*"What is the difference between a five thousand and a six thousand dollar burse?" asks a reader.*

*One thousand dollars, of course; and the extra interest goes to supply the extra needs of the student assigned.*

If your scissors are rusty or otherwise out of commission, send your bonds to us and our treasurer will clip the coupons, retaining the bonds. If requested, he will return the coupons. His scissors keep bright.

OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT is being read in the common-rooms of seminaries and religious orders of men and women, in the studies of priests, in the cabins of missionaries, in comfortable living-rooms and on the first-floor back, in hall-rooms and beside the kitchen stove, in every State of the Union and in all quarters of the globe.

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